

The TATLER

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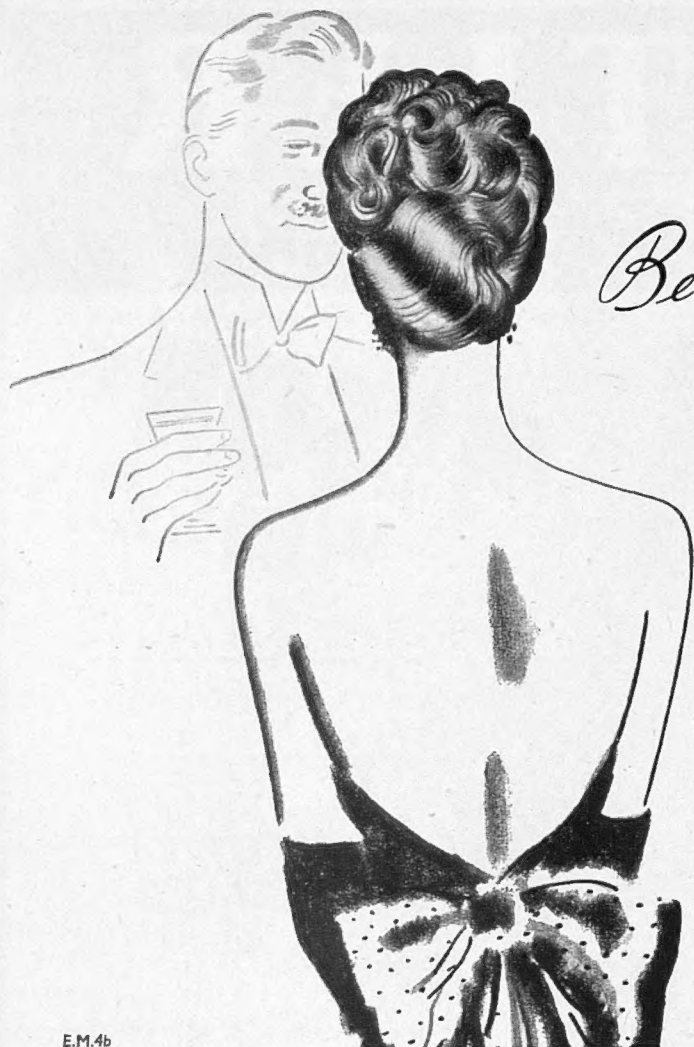
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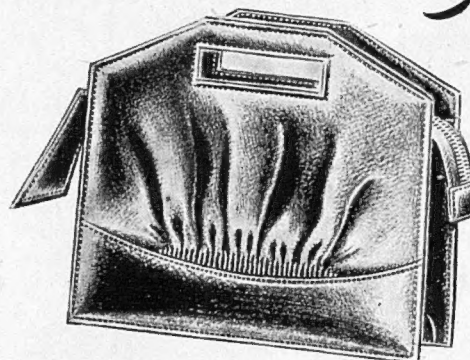


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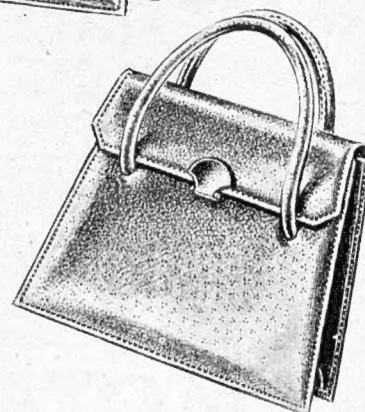
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THE TATLER

LONDON
DECEMBER 4, 1946

and BYSTANDER

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Baron

The New Director of the WAAF

Group Officer F. H. Hanbury, M.B.E., who has been appointed Director of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, succeeds Air Chief Commandant Lady Welsh, who relinquishes the appointment this month. Group Officer Hanbury joined the R.A.F. company of the ATS in April, 1939, and has now reached the peak of what has been a distinguished war career in this Service. Shortly before the Battle of Britain she became senior WAAF at the R.A.F. station at Biggin Hill. There she was the first woman to receive the M.B.E. (Military Division), which was awarded to her in 1941 for bravery and devotion to duty on the night the station was bombed. Since June she has been stationed at the Air Ministry, where she has been employed in planning the post-war regular WAAF



Portraits in Print

ONE's sympathy must go to any enterprising man, like Mr. Kendall, Member of Parliament for Grantham, who risks much in a bold venture, and is overcome. For the town of Grantham also the failure of his plans to manufacture a "People's Car" in vast quantities is most disheartening; for his success would have apparently meant employment for more than 13,000 people.

But we who are neither Mr. Kendall nor the population of Grantham will perhaps not regard the episode as one of unadulterated tragedy. Even now, when petrol is still rationed and the bulk of our new cars go for export, the roads, save far into the depths of the country, are already grown intolerable. I tremble to imagine the extent of congestion which will inevitably curse them in a few years' time, even without Mr. Kendall's production; and while of course it is a noble thing in theory to bring the pleasures of the open road within everybody's reach, let us first ensure that the road be really open.

Threat to the Countryside

THE mass-produced motor car does not bring the country nearer to us; it takes it away for ever. In theory of course, you may argue that it is wrong for a privileged few to know the delights of clean grass, to witness the endless procession of the seasons, and then to grudge such pleasures to the millions who live in "chartered streets." But we forget the appalling urbanizing effect of the motor car. It begins with the petrol station, then the half-timbered "café," the converted weekend cottage, wonderfully exhibitionist about its unhealthy beams; and before you can say "ribbon development" there is a chain butcher and a chain grocer and a chain dairy, all with the smartest steel-framed windows, an Odeon or a Granada bringing the charms of Miss Betty Grable even into once quiet lanes which now are equipped with pavements and lamp-posts.

How I regret that the flood of emigration has almost dried up. How I regret that I shall be long dead when the population of this country has again fallen back to some fifteen millions—a reasonable figure for the area of these islands. How sad I am that I did not know the roads of England when the railways had robbed them of all life, and they echoed only to the dairy float, the village fly, and the hiccups of the drunken farmer as his sure-footed cob bore him back from market.

Simon Harcourt-Smith



But I can remember the local carrier's "brake" which met me at Didcot on return from school and took about two hours to carry me the nine miles home. Clap-clop-clop and the whip rattled in its holder, and a full account from Chesney of all the best funerals in the neighbourhood while I had been away. His own brother, "wot had passed over in Birmingham," Chesney had fetched down by motor hearse—"the first to be seen in these parts and the neatest little outfit you ever clapped eyes on. Pulled out of Birmingham round eleven, and we 'ad it below ground afore three." Slowly, like ships in a harbour the fir trees of the private road, chugged by. A purse of keys at her waist my mother would be chivving some housemaid in the lamp-room. William, who had been a butcher before he came to us, and who always referred to the various parts of the human anatomy in butcher's jargon would be waiting by the stables to tell me how "me 'aunch-bone 'urts me summat crool."

Scotch-Me-Knob with its long barrow and pigeon-plantation were dark enchanted forests on the crest of the darkening downs, waiting for me to climb up there to-morrow with Nellie and June scampering away across the chalk after some immense, outstripping hare. As I ate my lunch I would see far away along the Ridgeway the figure of some intruder. As he came up, anger for lost privacy would boil in my heart. We would exchange surly "Good-days" and he would be lost again, over the skyline, and I left perfectly alone.

Solitude so divine as this is all against the trend of the times. Leave people alone and they might start to think for themselves, and then where would we be? I like motor cars

well enough. In fact I love them passionately. But when I drive one, being shockingly selfish, I want to do seventy miles an hour in solitude, not fifteen in a long, sheep-like procession. But then, the great philosophical and political problem of this age, I believe, is how to reconcile liberty with equality.

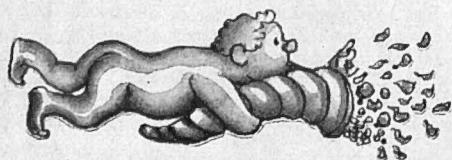
Ralph Allen and Prior Park

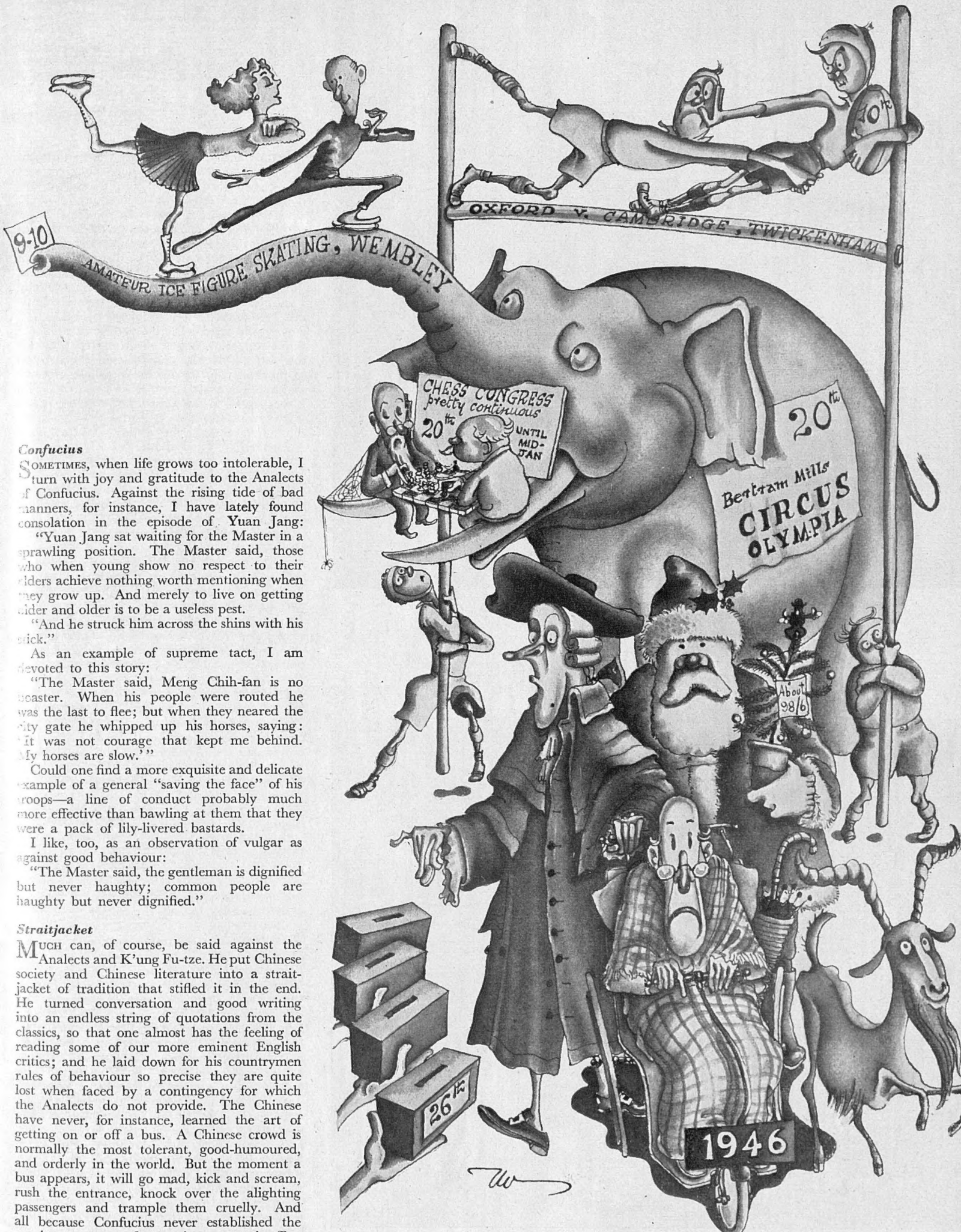
ON Saturday I took a friend to see Prior Park, that lovely Palladian mansion that hangs high above Bath, and was built by John Wood the Elder for that endearing figure, Ralph Allen (1694-1764). Allen, son-in-law to Marshal Wade, who pacified the Highlands, was for long postmaster of Bath. Not only did he execute his office with great ability. He also amassed one way and another a handsome fortune; and then commissioned Wood to design this great conception. With an immense and beautiful portico that reminds one of Palladio's Malcontenta on the Brenta, Prior Park stands at the top of an immensely steep slope that falls precipitously and far to a romantic lake in the manner of "Capability" Brown, and a Palladian bridge that puts one in mind of Wilton. (Incidentally, the bridge, I understand, has suffered much from the vandalism of trespassers lately.)

The vista down to the lake is enclosed in great avenues of dark trees; far, far below even on the roughest day Bath seems to lie contented and utterly quiet, the smoke rising languidly from her crescents, no hint of the bustle in Milsom Street or round the station.

Italy in England

BUT perhaps the chief glory of Prior Park is the series of terraces decorated with charming stone statues that drop away from the portico down to the drive. These statues, the elaborate ramp, the great stables and chapel connected to the main building by colonnades, and the heavily rusticated plinth upon which the portico is set, give one an overwhelming impression of being somewhere in Italy, perhaps in the hills round Asolo in Venetia. Yet how perfectly attuned is Prior Park to the English countryside! What memories of eighteenth-century genius it enshrines. Pope wrote part of *The Dunciad* there; Fielding, Gainsborough, and Garrick were constant visitors. Much of the inside was gutted by fire years ago; and it is now a Catholic school; but the exterior remains as noble as ever.





Confucius

SOMETIMES, when life grows too intolerable, I turn with joy and gratitude to the Analects of Confucius. Against the rising tide of bad manners, for instance, I have lately found consolation in the episode of Yuan Jang:

"Yuan Jang sat waiting for the Master in a sprawling position. The Master said, those who when young show no respect to their elders achieve nothing worth mentioning when they grow up. And merely to live on getting older and older is to be a useless pest.

"And he struck him across the shins with his stick."

As an example of supreme tact, I am devoted to this story:

"The Master said, Meng Chih-fan is no boaster. When his people were routed he was the last to flee; but when they neared the city gate he whipped up his horses, saying: 'It was not courage that kept me behind. My horses are slow.'"

Could one find a more exquisite and delicate example of a general "saving the face" of his troops—a line of conduct probably much more effective than bawling at them that they were a pack of lily-livered bastards.

I like, too, as an observation of vulgar as against good behaviour:

"The Master said, the gentleman is dignified but never haughty; common people are haughty but never dignified."

Straitjacket

MUCH can, of course, be said against the Analects and K'ung Fu-tze. He put Chinese society and Chinese literature into a strait-jacket of tradition that stifled it in the end. He turned conversation and good writing into an endless string of quotations from the classics; and he laid down for his countrymen rules of behaviour so precise they are quite lost when faced by a contingency for which the Analects do not provide. The Chinese have never, for instance, learned the art of getting on or off a bus. A Chinese crowd is normally the most tolerant, good-humoured, and orderly in the world. But the moment a bus appears, it will go mad, kick and scream, rush the entrance, knock over the alighting passengers and trample them cruelly. And all because Confucius never established the precise ceremony for getting on and off a bus.

"December Circus"—according to Wysard

JAMES AGATE

At The
The Case

Stanley Holloway as that garrulous but kindly travelling actor-manager Vincent Crummles

A Dickens Classic Is Filmed—



Neuman Noggs (Bernard Miles) tells Nicholas Nickleby (Derek Bond) the history of Smike

FILMS amuse me in a way the theatre can never do. On the stage some discreet butler throws open the door and announces "Lord Augustus Whifflebottom." Well, what fun is there in that? In the cinema you see the latest thing in motor cars draw up and the latest thing in chauffeurs open the door and hand his master out. If the director is one of those arty fellows he will shoot the thing from the roof of Lady Weathervane's house, whereby I see first a patent leather shoe, then a beautifully trousered knee, followed by stick and gloves, and finally the glossy disc of his lordship's topper. Next I see the visitor mount the stairs, with the camera snugly concealed in the hall pointing up his lordship's trousers and telling me what kind of sock-suspenders he is wearing. All this tickles me so much that I don't care if I have arrived in the middle of the film and have no notion of what Lord Augustus has called about.

It is seldom that in this sense a film defeats me. For example, I turned in to the Astoria last week in the middle of a film called *Headline*, or some such name. Somebody, I don't know who, had become shot or something of the sort, and there was some question of a newspaper sleuth who wouldn't give the criminal away to the police because of some bank notes which compromised the woman he loved. I didn't care tuppence about the story, but there were some jolly shots of the inside of a cinema, a newspaper office, Waterloo Station, lots of rolling stock rolling away like blazes, ending with a slap-up fight in a railway carriage.

In other words, I sat there for twenty-five minutes, not at all bored by something I couldn't get the hang of. Whereas I should have been bored (and how!) by an intellectual film in which the shots were taken by a cameraman swinging from an oscillating chandelier to indicate the hero's vacillating state of mind. Do readers think I exaggerate? Let them bend their minds to a pronouncement of our revered Dilys. "Those who have seen *Vamyr* will remember the incessant movement of the camera, the swinging view of a room, the tilted walls and trees sliding past the man carried in his coffin." When I see liking for the cinematic medium carried to this pitch, I wish I were the man in the coffin!

THE film which followed moved our Lejeune, before whom I am permanently prostrate, to remark that she thought driving a bus in Manchester would be better entertainment. But why? *Spring Song* is a musical and the property of musicals is to be as nearly imbecile as makes no matter. Why, therefore, shouldn't this film be about an aristocratic cad who lets a poor dreamer down, the dreamer being a chorus girl? Having disgraced himself by selling a family jewel to pay for a gambling debt, why shouldn't this sprig of Ouida-esque nobility be shifted off to America? Why shouldn't Carol Raye impersonate the dreamer and subsequently her daughter, and Peter Graves do the same for the aristocratic cad and subsequently his nephew? And why shouldn't such a film end with Carol rushing at seventy miles an hour to congratulate Peter on flying a jet plane at seven hundred miles an hour? Our modern successors to Ouida, Mesdames Bloom, Robins and Ruck, would sell a million

Pictures

for Silliness

copies of this story in novel form even though they couldn't get the paper, and ten million if they could.

Again I wasn't bored, though I agree that a few buckets of Technicolor would have improved it. Personally I had no fault to find with the players mentioned, which also goes for Lawrence O'Madden as a stage Irishman, which is odd, because most stage Irishmen o'madden me like hell.

AND now I take leave to say that I was well and truly bored by *A Stolen Life* (Warners). I don't mind what nonsense occurs in a musical because I expect nonsense, whereas I do mind when a film sets out to be psychological drama and turns out to be bosh. *A Stolen Life* is all about twins—Pat, the bad twin, or what the late A. B. Walkley would have called a roguey-pogey, and Kate, the good one, who is what A. B. W. would have called a mousey-pousey. The bad one goes in for mink and the good one for art. Both have lots and lots of money which makes me wonder why the bad one should marry a lighthouse keeper, lighthouse inspector, or something of the sort. The good one, yes; you can sit all day in a lighthouse and paint seascapes with curlews, dolphins, and here and there a whale. But you cannot do much with mink in any lighthouse I have been in. Anyhow, the bad twin, who didn't love her husband, becomes drowned, and the good twin, who loves her brother-in-law, takes her sister's place. Well, it seems to me, as a poor myopic landlubber, that I should know the woman I had married from an impostor by the way she, say, brushed her teeth. Wherefore I think nothing whatever of a lighthouse keeper who is trained to keep his eyes skinned.

I KNOW that this business of twins is an old romantic dodge in which the greatest of dramatists have asked us to believe. Having got our belief, they rewarded it. The concoctors of this story had nothing to offer. Stevenson alludes somewhere to "d'Artagnan's ungentlemanly and perfectly improbable trick upon Milady." I should describe the trick Bette Davis is made to play upon the lighthouse keeper as entirely improbable and unladylike. How poorly, in my miserable view, she played it! Half a dozen times in the film I had to ask my companion whether Bette was being good or bad. She should have modelled her playing upon Harry Fabian of whom we read, "His eyes did not match. The left was large and watery; but the right was smaller, harder, steadier, and of a more concentrated blue. When he wanted to look dangerous, he simply closed his left eye, slamming the eyelid down like a shutter."

And who is Harry Fabian? The hero of Gerald Kersh's first novel and incidentally a *souteneur*. Which gives me an idea. Why doesn't somebody film *Night and the City*? Nine out of ten films are about gold-diggers, the polite name for women who live on men, who, in spite of the Hay's Office, have a thundering good time and never get what is coming to them. Harry Fabian is a pimp, that is a man who lives on women, who gets all that is coming to him. Can the Hay's Office think that the test for morality is success? No, it can't. I would much rather say that the Hay's Office cannot think at all.



Sally Ann Howes plays Kate Nickleby, sister to Nicholas, who has to enter the hard-working dressmaking establishment at the Mantalini's

Scenes From "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY"



Ralph Nickleby (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), the family's miserly uncle, with Newman Noggs and Madeline Bray (Jill Balcon)

Caricatures by
Tom Titt



Lady Frederick (Coral Browne), graciously extravagant amid a sea of debts, and the man-about-town, *Paradine Foulds* (Edwin Styles) who has known her too long to fall prey to her charm but well enough to love her

The

"*Lady Frederick*"

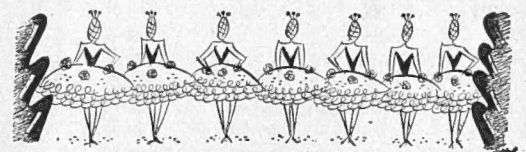
A LEADING lady's play; but in 1907, when it was finished, leading ladies, one by one, murmured "Pass!" They were dismayed by the scene in which the coquette chooses to disillusion a young lover by showing herself to him without her make-up. Leading ladies will suffer much for their art; but this novel demand struck them as cruelly unfair.

They learned in due course how wrong they had been. It was this scene, as Miss Ethel Irving played it, which gave the play its *cachet*. Nor is there any loss of piquancy now that it is played by Miss Coral Browne. It is incomparably the best scene of the comedy—with the ravishing beauty appearing suddenly to the startled young marquess in what Lord Loam would have called "a state of nature" and proceeding out of sheer good nature to rub his romantic nose, so to speak, in her rouge pot, to tickle his horror-glazed eyes with her tails of false hair and, finally, to smother his passion with her powder puff.

OF revivals there is seemingly no end these days. Plenty of new plays are being published. Few reach the stage. If the theatre persists in fishing the centuries for plays, soon there will be nothing left to catch, and even sooner film contracts will have hooked by the gills all its discouraged playwrights. A woeful prospect; yet an exception must still be made in favour of *Lady Frederick*. It shows Miss Coral Browne at her best and Mr. Somerset Maugham at his cleverest. For Miss Browne is never so good as when playing a quick-witted coquette, gay in her perversity, keenly delighting in her power over men, capable of quixotic generosity, a fury in her nerve-storms and then, by a sudden word of kindness, dissolved in happy tears. And Mr. Maugham

In brief --

THE "TATLER" THEATRE GUIDE



Straight Plays

And No Birds Sing (Aldwych). A comedy with Elizabeth Allan playing a woman doctor with very progressive ideas and Harold Warrender is the man who loves her in spite of them.

Grand National Night (Apollo). Leslie Banks is a pleasant murderer who has the audience on his side, and Hermione Baddeley in dual character roles. Good acting in a well-knit play.

Pick-Up Girl (Casino). Semi-documentary which takes place in a court for juvenile delinquents, very powerfully put over.

Vanity Fair (Comedy). Claire Luce superb as Thackeray's attractive and mercenary heroine, with Victoria Hopper as Amelia.

The Guinea Pig (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

Message for Margaret (Duchess). Emotion and conflict between the wife and the mistress of a dead man, with Flora Robson giving one of the performances of her career.

Fools Rush In (Fortune). Derek Farr, Glynis Johns and Joyce Barbour in another very entertaining *Quiet Wedding* story.

Lady Windermere's Fan (Haymarket). Dorothy Hyson, Isabel Jeans, Griffiths Jones and Geoffrey Toone in a revival of Oscar Wilde's comedy of manners. A decorative entertainment.

Caste (Lyric, Hammersmith). Beautifully acted and produced revival of the comedy-drama by T. W. Robertson originally presented in 1867. Story is the result of marriage between the stage and the aristocracy.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Cellier and Emlyn Williams.

The Old Vic Theatre Company (New) in *King Lear*, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and *An Inspector Calls*, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Pamela Brown and Alec Guinness.

The Skin Of Our Teeth (Piccadilly). Vivien Leigh in Thornton Wilder's history of mankind in comic-strip.

But For The Grace Of God (St. James's). Epigrammatic Lonsdale wit by A. E. Matthews and Mary Jerrold, and murder and manly reticence by Hugh McDermott and Robert Douglas.

The Shop At Sly Corner (St. Martin's). Good thriller with a surprise ending and some first-rate character acting from Arthur Young.

Fifty-Fifty (Strand). A farce about a factory run by

the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingel.

The Poltergeist (Vaudeville). Comedy thriller. Gordon Harker does some violent ghost-laying with hilarious consequences.

No Room At The Inn (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

Clutterbuck (Wyndham's). Ronald Ward, Naunton Wayne, Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings all together on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

With Music

Big Ben (Adelphi). Operatic skit on the House of Commons presented by C. B. Cochran with music by Vivien Ellis and libretto by A. P. Herbert.

Sweetest And Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold and Henry Kendall as deliciously malicious as ever in the third edition of this revue.

Under The Counter (Phoenix). Cicely Courtneidge blithely dealing in the black market, ably assisted by Hartley Power and Thorley Walters.

The Shephard Show (Princes). Richard Hearne, Eddie Gray, Douglas Byng, Arthur Riscoe and Marie Burke are the leading lights.

Theatre

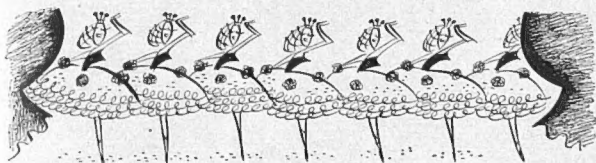
(Savoy)

is never so clever as when making fresh and diverting use of old stage tricks.

It is because these tricks were old when the play was new that the skill with which they were used has not lost its power to beguile us. The dialogue is smoothly cynical rather than witty: it is by ingenious, daring and engaging stage-artifice that the revival lives. How pleasing even now is Lady Frederick's magnanimous burning of the letters which would shatter for ever the happiness of the marchioness, her sweetly implacable and cruelly taunting enemy! How effective still is the coquette's raillery of the man-about-town who loves to play sardonically upon her chronic impecuniosity because he has not given up hope of marrying her! Yet with this deliberate stage-artifice goes a bland pretence that life is not unlike this, at any rate for a magnificent, voluptuous, quixotic, capricious, golden-hearted few. The pretence—which was always part of the fun and is especially so in these lack-lustre days—is fatal to a scene of pure artificiality, like that in which Lady Frederick turns by her wiles a resolute dun into a tearful parasite. The episode would grace a Sheridan comedy, but here it strikes a false note.

THE revival pitches the play into the dresses and décor of the eighties, presumably because yesterday lacks the period charm of the day before yesterday. Miss Browne brilliantly (and endearingly) leads an accomplished company with Miss Phyllis Dare as the marchioness, Mr. Edwin Styles as the genial friend-in-need, and Mr. Anthony Ireland as the blackmailing moneylender with social ambitions. Altogether, as pleasant a bit of escapism as can be imagined.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



HAVING finished in *Crime and Punishment*, John Gielgud is taking a brief holiday at Estoril, Portugal, before starting work on his production of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, one of the plays in which he will appear in Canada and the States next year. The company will include Margaret Rutherford (as Lady Bracknell), Pamela Brown, Jane Baxter, Jean Cadell and Robert Flemyng, who is now appearing in *The Guinea Pig*.

Gielgud, who sails on January 11, opens in London, Ontario, on January 23, and will visit Toronto and Montreal before starting on an eight weeks' season of the Wilde play in New York. He will remain a further eight weeks in *Love for Love*, for which some other actors will join him from London.

Before Gielgud leaves Terence Rattigan hopes to have completed the series of four short plays, ranging from tragedy to farce, in which Gielgud intends to appear on his return to England. Each will run for an hour and a half and two will be given at each performance.

WHILE Ivor Novello is taking what he describes as a "business vacation" in Hollywood, his part in *Perchance to Dream* at the Hippodrome will be played by Barry Sinclair. Novello leaves the cast

on December 20, and when he returns to the Hippodrome on February 10, Sinclair will be getting ready to play the leading part in the revival of *The Dancing Years* which will follow the pantomime *Mother Goose* at the Casino.

I HEAR that Eric Maschwitz, of *Balalaika* fame, is working on a new romantic operetta with an Italian setting and entitled *Carissima*. Hans May is writing the music. It sounds promising. May is a composer with a Continental reputation in light opera, but so far most of the music he has written since he lived in England has been for films, the most recent being *Spring Song*.

So barren is the lighter stage in promising new comedians that the discovery of Bill Rowbotham, who has garnered sheaves of praise for his lively performance as Sam Gerridge in the revival of *Caste* at the Lyric, Hammersmith, is an event to be hailed with delight.

Praise from the critics and flattering film offers have not turned the head of this young man who is proud of the fact that he comes from Whitechapel and is the son of a bus attendant at Hanwell garage.

Rowbotham has learnt his job the hard way. He

is twenty-eight but, lithe, dark and slim, he looks younger. He is an agile dancer, he can sing and he has written and produced plays at the Unity Theatre where he did his first acting. His first stage success was in *Desert Rats*, and his most important film role so far has been with Eric Portman in *Daybreak*.

What disturbs me is the thought that he may be lured permanently into films, though I happen to know he prefers stage work. Though his best line is as a Cockney comedian he would fit well into a musical show if given the chance.

WHEN *Is Your Honeymoon Really Necessary?* ends at the Duke of York's on December 14, *The Shop at Sly Corner* at the St. Martin's will head the list of long runs among straight plays. First produced in April, 1945, it looks like running until next May. Two companies are touring this thriller (one with Kenneth Kent, the other with Bransby Williams), and I am assured they are as successful as the parent show in which Arthur Young now plays the lead.

Edward Percy Smith, M.P., wrote this play as a "pot-boiler" while doing Home Guard duty during the Battle of Britain, but it has turned out to be his most successful work.



The Marchioness and her son (Phyllis Dare and Vernon Greaves), who do not see eye to eye over his grand passion



The Moneylender's son, Captain Montgomerie (Anthony Ireland), blackmails for social success rather than money



The Engaged Couple, Sir Gerald O'Mara (Christopher Quest), Lady Frederick's impecunious brother, and Rose Carlisle (Patricia Raine)



The Heavy Father, Admiral Carlisle (Evelyn Roberts), has a bark that is very much worse than his bite

BACKSTAGE with *Beaumont Kent*.

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What disturbs me is the thought that he may be lured permanently into films, though I happen to know he prefers stage work. Though his best line is as a Cockney comedian he would fit well into a musical show if given the chance.

WHEN *Is Your Honeymoon Really Necessary?* ends at the Duke of York's on December 14, *The Shop at Sly Corner* at the St. Martin's will head the list of long runs among straight plays. First produced in April, 1945, it looks like running until next May. Two companies are touring this thriller (one with Kenneth Kent, the other with Bransby Williams), and I am assured they are as successful as the parent show in which Arthur Young now plays the lead.

Edward Percy Smith, M.P., wrote this play as a "pot-boiler" while doing Home Guard duty during the Battle of Britain, but it has turned out to be his most successful work.



Major E. Branson and the Duchess of Grafton, Chairman of the Ball, with some of the nurses who formed a Guard of Honour for the Duchess of Kent



Sub-Lt. Parker-Jervis, R.N., and Miss Meath-Baker



Lady Waleran, Deputy Chairman of the Ball, with Major Ralph Carr

The Duchess of Kent Attends the St. George's Hospital Ball



The Duchess of Kent talking to the Duchess of Grafton on arriving at the Ball, which was held at the Dorchester



Dr. Cheng Tien-Hsi, the Chinese Ambassador, with his daughter



Miss Elizabeth Moncreiffe, Sir David Moncreiffe, Bt., the Hon. Patricia Stourton, daughter of Lord Mowbray, and Mr. Derek Stanley Smith

SELF-PROFILE

Harry Green by

Harry Green

"WRITE me an article about Harry Green," said your Editor. "Sure, that's easy; I know that fellow *very* well," I replied. But now I have doubts—grave doubts. I don't think I know him at all. (Pardon me, Mr. Editor; but wouldn't it be wiser to ask somebody else to write what he knows about me? He or she could say exactly what he or she knows.)

You don't want it that way? Too bad. All right, I'll try. But what do I know about me? Holy smoke! What *do* I know. I'm an actor. That must be right; I've been on the stage forty-four years, so I *must* be an actor by now! But only when I'm on the stage, sir. Off stage and out of the theatre I am Harry Green, private citizen, husband of Alva Green and father of David and Roland Green.

It was never intended that I should be an actor, of course. My mother, wisest and kindest in all the world, wanted me to be a lawyer, and *how* she struggled so that I could study law! Maybe I am the only person who would know about that, and I shall never forget.

ANYWAY, somehow I had to earn money to subsidise myself at New York's City College and decided, with a small boy's longing for colour and dazzle, that I'd go on the stage. I was twelve years old, believe me, when I had collected enough funny stories to make my first appearance—a "try-out," of course—in Bayonne, New Jersey. The great night happened. I told my first story and the audience yelled. Overcome, I suppose. I told the same story again, and the audience smiled. Bewildered and very frightened—yes, you're right; I told the story a third time. The audience behaved just as they should. They booed me off the stage. But I couldn't move—I think my feet had been *nailed* to that stage—and I began all over again, the same story for the fourth time.

That night I met the great William Fox. It seems that it was he who had hauled me off that stage by the seat of my pants! At the stage door later he said: "Why do you want to go into this racket?"

"I've got to support my mother" (that wasn't strictly true, but I'd got to say something), "and I want to go on with my studies." "How old are you, son?" he asked. "Sixteen." He grinned: "You're a liar—how old are you?" I hung my head and told him—twelve. He thought for a moment, then said: "You told that story four times in a row, but you told it so well the first time that I'll give you a chance."

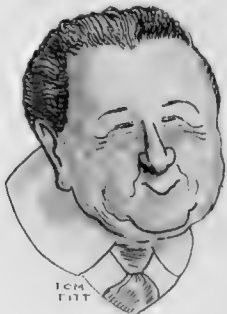
He had four theatres, and I played them all. I left school in time to do six shows a day for 20 dollars (less 5 per cent. commission), then I dealt with my homework.

The hard way to learn a job, did I hear you say? Yes, the hard way it certainly was. But it hasn't hurt me.

FORTY-FOUR years. It's a long time, isn't it? But in those years tremendous things have happened. I've toured the world—Australia, South Africa, Britain, America, and I've made good friends everywhere. But here, in London, I think I've had some of the happiest times. Since I've been back this time, my play, *Fifty-Fifty*, has proved enormously successful, and I have had the honour of playing to many distinguished audiences—to Their Majesties the King and Queen, with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret; to Mr. Churchill, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. Churchill and Miss Mary Churchill, Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, and many other world-famous people.

Oh! I almost overlooked another distinguished party—thirty youngsters who are studying at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. A sixteen-year-old asked me after the show if I had any practical advice for them. "Mr. Green, how do you make us laugh and almost cry at the same moment? How do you make us laugh and stop us laughing with a movement and in less time than it takes me to say it?" Two difficult questions—but I told her all I knew. "Sincerity does that for me," I replied, and that, surely, is the very essence of acting. I say to all aspiring actors, *be sincere* always, always, always. If you can't be sincere, give up acting.

MY boys are at school in this country now, and they are having a whale of a time. My wife and I are doing what so many other folk are doing—house-hunting. An exhausting job, isn't it? But we are determined to find some place, some time, somewhere, because we do want to go on living here. Thank you, folks, for liking us—we like you *very*, very much. So long!



John Deakin

Harry Green, star of the farce *Fifty-Fifty* at the Strand, had a college and university education in New York. But the pull of the stage proved stronger than that of scholarship, and he started his career in revue, touring the halls of America in the "Potash and Perlmutter" sketches and other acts for some years before making his first London appearance in 1914 in *The Merry-Go-Round*. He made his debut on the regular stage at the Lyric in 1921, in *Welcome Stranger*, taking the same part when it was revived at the Saville in 1938. Since 1929 he has also appeared in many films. His interests include riding, collecting engravings, and conjuring



Viscount and Viscountess Scarsdale and the Hon. Juliana Curzon waiting in the hall to receive the guests



The Hon. Juliana Curzon dancing with Major F. R. Wrägg

A PARTY AT KEDLESTON

For the Hon. Juliana
Curzon

Viscount and Viscountess Scarsdale recently gave a party at their home, Kedleston, Derbyshire, for the Hon. Juliana Curzon, Viscount Scarsdale's third daughter. Despite foggy weather, about 200 guests assembled, and the party was most gay and successful, continuing until the early hours of the following morning.

Kedleston, which was built by Robert Adam in the mid-eighteenth century, made a most majestic setting for the party. The hall in which the guests were received is the whole height of the house, and is planned on the model of an ancient basilica. Among its striking features are the 25-ft.-high alabaster columns, and the skins of tigers shot by the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, the famous Viceroy, who was Viscount Scarsdale's uncle

Photographs by Swäebe



The Earl of Harrington, Mrs. Adam Bell and Mrs. K. Knowles



Miss Anne Pease and Captain Michael Forsyth-Forrester

Sir Francis and Lady Winnington in the library

Lord Sherwood, Mrs. J. Ranger, Mr. Fitzwalter Wright and Lady Ann Hunloke



Dancing in the magnificent ballroom. Kedleston is in the middle of the Meynell country, and many members of the hunt came wearing pink coats



Sir William Feilden, Bt., M.C., who succeeded to the baronetcy this year, Mrs. B. Hagger and W/Cdr. Cedric Boyd

Captain Maurice Kingscote, Mrs. C. Pretzlik, the Hon. Gloria Curzon (Viscount Scarsdale's second daughter), Mr. Charles Pretzlik and Mrs. Bearman



Princess Elizabeth in Devonshire

Princess Elizabeth with Earl and Countess Fortescue at their lovely home, Castle Hill, Barnstaple, where she stayed during her visit to Exeter. Earl Fortescue is Lord Lieutenant of Devonshire. Among her activities the Princess opened the extension to St. Loye's College at Exeter, which is for the training of the disabled

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

WITH a special journey to Birmingham to inspect the comforts of the White Train, as the Royal train for South Africa is to be called, and a morning at Buckingham Palace inspecting the four cars built in this country for their use in the Union next year,

BUSY DAYS Their Majesties had a week's programme with a distinctly South African flavour, in which both Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, who are looking forward to their first overseas visit with eager enthusiasm, took a full share.

In addition to these more public preparations, a great deal of activity is going on behind the scenes, especially in connection with the wardrobes which the Queen and her daughters are to take with them. Choice of materials and colours presents difficulties in these scarce days.

AFTER their brief stay at Sandringham, the King and Queen came back to town to face a very full programme which will take them without a break to the Christmas holiday, which they will, as usual, spend with a small family party in Norfolk. Visitors to Buckingham Palace

FAREWELL TO FRIENDS have included several members of the Diplomatic Corps, among them Don Felipe Espil and M. Strasburger, who took leave of His Majesty on relinquishing their appointments as Ambassador for the Argentine and for Poland respectively. The two Ambassadors and their wives were afterwards received by the Queen.

Another farewell visitor to Her Majesty was Dame Vera Laughton Mathews, on her retirement after over seven years as chief of the W.R.N.S. Dame Vera went to the Palace an hour or two before attending the party in her honour at Admiralty House, where the Duchess of Kent, who has always had a warm regard for the senior Women's Service, of which she is Commandant, was one of the guests.

AN after-dinner visit to Burlington House, where the King and Queen spent two hours on a further visit to the magnificent exhibition of Royal paintings, was one of the pleasantest functions of the week, with Queen Mary, the two Princesses and several other members of the Royal Family and their friends among the party.

ROYAL VISITORS

Another engagement which the Queen particularly enjoyed was the opening of the new temporary library of Middle Temple. Since she was made a Benchet of the Inn, the Queen has taken the deepest interest in all the activities of the "ancient and honourable Society," and welcomed the opportunity of meeting again her fellow "Masters of the Bench," including Lord Jowitt, the Lord Chancellor, and Lord Merriman, President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, the latter of whom caused some amusement among the Royal party when he signed the visitors' book in princely fashion "Merriman P."—no infringement of the Royal prerogative, but his legal signature as President.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT attended her first charity ball since the war when she honoured the Duchess of Grafton with her presence at the ball in aid of St. George's Hospital, of which she was chairman. H.R.H., who dined with the Duchess of Grafton before the ball, looked simply lovely in a shell-pink picture frock of faille, woven with gold.

DUCHESS OF KENT AT BALL

She wore a scarf of shell-pink chiffon, a lovely tiara of pearls surrounded with diamonds, and a small pink-velvet bow on the top of her two rows of curls at the back. The Duchess of Grafton, looking charming in a dress of maize-coloured moiré shot with gold, had a large party at her table with H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent and Lord and Lady Herbert, who were in attendance. Her guests included Lord and Lady Waleran, Sir Walter Monckton,

Sir John and Lady Coldstream and Major Ralph Carr and his sister.

During the evening H.R.H. asked that some of the nurses from St. George's Hospital who had been selling lucky programmes be invited to their table, and that the young men in the party should dance with them. This was a kind and charming thought which was very much appreciated by the young nurses so honoured. At a nearby table I saw the Chinese Ambassador with his daughter, who has only been over here two months (although she was born here, this is her first visit since she has grown up), and at another table the Saudi Arabian Chargé d'Affaires was accompanied by his lovely wife, Mme. Dawoud, who wore a sweet floral posy in her hair.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT danced first with Sir Walter Monckton, and among others I saw dancing were Sir Thomas and Lady Cook, their daughter Geraldine, and Sir Ronald and Lady Cross's daughter Diana, both debutantes this year. The Hon. Charles Stourton was dancing with Miss Kit Misa, *petite* and

THE DANCING pretty in a black dress with coloured shoulder-straps, while his sister, the Hon. Patricia Stourton, attractive in pale blue, was dancing with Sir David Moncreiffe. Also in their party were the Countess of Erroll and her fiancé, Mr. Ian Moncreiffe. Mrs. John Hall, who was up from Yorkshire, had a party of twenty-two; this was really a coming-out party for her daughter Anne.

Others who had parties were Cdr. and Mrs. Scott-Miller, Lady (Elliott) Forbes, Sir Malcolm and Lady Trustram Eve, Mrs. F. M. Swanson, Mrs. Harcourt Gold, Miss Yolanda Calvocoressi, Lady Forbes-Watson and Lady Charles Beckwith.

There was an excellent cabaret given by Boyer and Ravel, who danced with their usual grace, and Richard Hearne, who did his unsurpassable imitation of an old gentleman dancing the lancers.

THERE was an air of excited expectancy in the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, for the opening of *Les Sirènes*, the new ballet with music by Lord Berners, with scenario and choreography by Frederick Ashton (who also dances in the ballet), and scenery and costumes designed by Cecil Beaton.

"LES SIRÈNES" This proved to be a scintillating affair. The scene is a Riviera seaside resort in 1904. This ballet, I hear, was originally started in 1940, and it is not surprising it has taken so long to complete, as every little detail has been thought out so carefully. The music is delightful, and when the curtain went down Lord Berners, who was watching the performance from the Royal Box, was brought on to the stage with the entire cast to receive a tremendous ovation from the audience. Cecil Beaton is in New York, so was not able to be present.

The Hon. Mrs. Reggie Fellowes, wearing the most wonderfully embroidered dinner-dress and lovely modern jewellery, had a party with her in a box. Lady Clark was in her usual box with a party of friends. The Duchess of Westminster, wearing a fine white ermine coat over her black dress, was in the stalls, escorted by Mr. Terence Rattigan; in the interval they were chatting to Mr. and Mrs. Alan Cameron (Elizabeth Bowen, the novelist).

It was a great disappointment to members and guests of the Anglo-Brazilian Society that their president, the Brazilian Ambassador, was unable to be present at their National Day Ball, as he had left the day before for the Unesco conference in Paris. The Ambassadors, Dona

BRAZIL DAY BALL Isabel Moniz de Aragão, wearing a lovely dress of violet tulle, brought a large party, including her son, Senhor F. Moniz de Aragão, vivacious Melle via Regis de Oliveira, Senhor Hugo Goutier, Brazilian Chargé d'Affaires, Princess Danush Albania, wearing a coffee-coloured picture dress, and two young men who had brought their pretty sisters, Lord Savile with the Hon. Andre Lumley Savile and Capt. David Gurney with his sister Isabel.

Sir Hugh Gurney, who was our Ambassador to Brazil from 1935-1940, was in another party. The chairman of the Society, Sir Thomas Cook, organised this very successful ball, and Sir Thomas Cook also had a large party, including their daughter Geraldine, Viscount and Viscountess Davidson, their younger daughter Jean, Lord and Lady Sempill, Lord and Lady Hawke, the Hon. Margaret Bray and Capt. Andrew Montaine.



The Hon. Miranda Fitzalan-Howard is the third daughter of Lord Howard of Glossop and Baroness Beaumont, of Carlton Towers, Yorkshire, and is one of this year's debutantes. Her mother is a Baroness in her own right

As always with any South American party, the dresses were lovely, and no one looked more beautiful than Mme. Bianchi, wife of the Chilean Ambassador, in a gorgeous dress of black velvet. Senhor Don Ricardo Siri, of the Argentine Embassy, was dancing with his pretty wife, who was wearing a chic black dress which had an original white-satin cape.

LOVELY CLOTHES Many members of the Diplomatic Corps were present, and among others who brought parties were the Mexican Ambassador and Mme. O'Farrill, Admiral Dutra and his wife, Sir Ronald Storrs, General Pessoa and his English wife, and Sir Eugen and Lady Effie Millington-Drake, who brought a large party of young people.

MRS. BILL BRACKEN, looking very attractive in black, with a hat of the fashionable coq feathers, received the guests at a bright and amusing cocktail party she and her husband gave for their many friends who are going out to enjoy winter sports in Zermatterhof at Zermatt, high up in the Swiss Alps. Ski-ing and sunshine were the chief topics of conversation, and Mr. Stopfer, who runs Zermatterhof so splendidly, promised all new visitors that they would get plenty of sunshine as well as snow.

ZERMATT-BOUND Among the many keen ski-ing enthusiasts I saw at the party were Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, who hopes to go to Zermatterhof early in the New Year; the Marquess of Tavistock escorting Mrs. Charles Hill; Mabel Lady Lunn and Mrs. Oddy, better remembered in the ski-ing world as Janet Kessler, when she captained the British ski team. I saw her talking to the three other first-class exponents of the sport, Miss Wendy Sale-Barker, Miss Evie Pinchin and Mrs. Alan Butler, who was there with her husband.

The Hon. Ben Bathurst was an early arrival. He is off to St. Moritz with a family party including his wife and two sons, his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Parshall, and her son John just before Christmas, and he hopes to go on to Zermatt later in the spring. Monsieur Reugger, the Swiss Minister, came in late. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholl were at the party, and told me they are taking their five-year-old son out with them to get efficient on skis at an early age. Mr. Bracken has promised to take this small boy a run on his back in a rucksack, as he used to be taken as a child. The Marquess and Marchioness of Donegall, Major and Mrs. John Lawson, Lady Orr-Lewis, Mr. Mouse Cleaver, Mr. Chris Mackintosh and Mr. Patsy Richardson were other Swiss enthusiasts at the party.



The Marchioness of Kildare is the wife of the Duke of Leinster's son and heir. She was formerly Miss Anne Eustace-Smith, younger daughter of Mrs. P. Eustace-Smith



Miss Yolanda Calvocoressi is studying at the Monkey Club. She is the only daughter of the late Mr. George Calvocoressi and Mrs. George Calvocoressi. Her home is at Ascot and she came out last year

JENNIFER'S GALLERY



Mademoiselle Teresa Strasburger is the only daughter of H.E. Monsieur Henryk Strasburger, who was recently received by H.M. the King on relinquishing his appointment as Polish Ambassador to the Court of St. James's



Mrs. Michael Hall married Captain Michael Hall, the Royal Scots Greys, last August. She is the daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. A. H. M. Bell, of Winton Lodge, Stockbridge, Hants, and a niece of Lord Basing

Pearl Freeman

MICHAEL KILLANIN

An Irish

The Co. Down
Staghounds Meet

Lt./Cdr. K. C. Kirkpatrick, R.N. (mounted), who has just resigned the Mastership of the Co. Down Staghounds, which he has held since 1933, with Lord Glentoran at the opening meet at Derryboy



Viscount and Viscountess Bury were also at the meet. Viscount Bury is the heir of the Earl of Albemarle. The Viscountess, who was Lady Mairi Stewart before her marriage in 1941, is the younger daughter of the Marquess of Londonderry



Mr. Chester Nugent, Mr. Tom P. Caffrey and Mr. S. Smylie, three well-known Irish sportsmen who were among the hundred or more mounted followers at the meet. The Co. Down is the only staghunt in Northern Ireland, and the hounds hunt twice a week. Major J. Corbett and Capt. G. A. Clark are the new Joint-Masters

THE end of November to many is the end of the year; but it is the beginning for the scollop-eater around where I am. For many years scollop-fishing on the west coast of Ireland died out, unlike the oyster-fishing, which brought in a great revenue in the English and French markets. The Sea Fisheries Association, a Government-sponsored company, is now responsible for an increase in scollop-fishing. Besides producing boats and gear for the fishermen on a hire-purchase basis, it also markets the shellfish which are so often seen on the marble slabs of English fishmongers.

The shellfish are dragged for; those that pass the test for size are transported to the nearest Sea Fisheries Association depot. Here they are taken out of their shells and cleaned. Then they are packed, according to sizes, in round cardboard packets. These are then placed in a box—probably a dozen scollops in a packet and a dozen packets in a case. The whole lot is then frozen and sent over to England. What interests me is how the fish get back in their shell when they are sold again. Perhaps they wear an English shell, just as some Irishmen have worn an English uniform.

A CIRCULAR letter informs me of (and asks me to contribute towards) the erecting of a memorial to Brian Merriman—or Bhrian MacGiolla Meidhrhe, as was his Irish name. Merriman was a poet who wrote in Irish and died in the year 1805. He was buried in the little churchyard of Feakle, in County Clare; but there is not even a stone to his memory.

He wrote in Irish, which would limit those who can read him direct; in recent years two translations of his major work *Se 'Cúirt an Mheadhón* ("The Midnight Court") have appeared, one by Aarland Usher and another last year from Frank O'Connor. This last translation has now been banned by the censorship in Dublin, which will mean those of us who live in the twenty-six counties cannot purchase it, but at least more copies will be available for sale in the English-speaking world, which may well go to further Merriman's reputation internationally. In the meanwhile, a new edition of his work in Irish is being prepared.

"The Midnight Court" describes a vision in which Aoihbhill, Queen of the Munster Fairies, is holding a court. Considering the period when it was written—1781—and the subject, it is not surprising that it is a little bawdy. On the other hand, it is, to my mind, a great pity that this work (of 1000 lines, with four rhymes in each line) has been denied to those living in the south who have

Spectators Who Saw the November Handicap at the Leopardstown Races

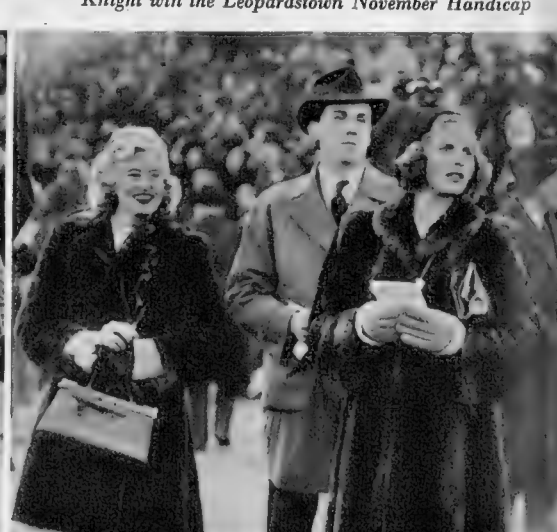
Mrs. Gerald Annesley, wife of a prominent Irish owner, and Mrs. Andrews Knowles, an owner herself, with H.E. the Spanish Minister to Eire



Mrs. Gardiner Browne, Lt.-Col. the Hon. Randal Plunkett, son and heir of Lord Dunsany (President of the Irish Academy of Letters), and Mrs. F. Jameson



Mrs. Derek Cooper with Capt. Montague Kavanagh, Life Guards, and his wife watch Mrs. A. H. Watt's Tudor Knight win the Leopardstown November Handicap



Commentary

not sufficient knowledge of Irish. Despite the banning of O'Connor's translation, I am delighted to see that Mr. de Valera heads the list of subscribers to the memorial, and that Mr. Edward MacLysaght, who is in charge of the genealogical office in Dublin Castle, is the treasurer.

MR. GEORGE BARNES, the Director of the B.B.C. Third Programme, whom I used to know in my Cambridge days when he was a Don, has been in Dublin looking for broadcasting "talent." This is a change from the many visitors we have looking at every barmaid in the hopes of finding a potential film-star. Mr. Barnes's search is, knowing his appointment, a serious one. We have only one programme broadcast in Eire, and that, except for a few hours of sponsored items, controlled by the Department of Posts and Telegraphs. Its serious programmes—especially certain of its music and talks—are of a very high standard. For my part, I would be sad if, for instance, Mr. Barnes removed Mr. Austen Clarke, who introduces a weekly verse-reading programme, to Broadcasting House. On the other hand, there is room for competition, and I would be glad to hear our actors, singers and writers, voices and words, coming not only from Dublin but also from London—and European stations.

As I write, the L. E. Macha is steaming into Cork Harbour flying the Tricolour. During the war this corvette was known in the British Fleet as H.M.S. Borage. She is the first of several vessels which the Government of Eire have purchased from the Admiralty, now that they are able to expand the national naval force as vessels become available. With this expansion of our fleet there will go a certain reorganisation, which includes the renaming of the unit as the "Naval Service," as opposed to the "Marine Force," as it has been known hitherto. The Naval Service will still be under the Army and the Minister of Defence, but perhaps as it grows it will become autonomous.

Along with the new ships will come an ex-British naval officer, Lt.-Com. Henry Jerome, D.S.O. In the early days of the Free State Army, experts were brought over from foreign countries, such as Brasé, the German bandmaster, and Paul Rodzianko, the Russian cavalry officer, to assist in the formation of the Army band and mounted troops. The Government selected these experts from the nations which produced the best military musicians and horsemen, and now as the Navy develops it has brought in a British naval officer to assist.

With the Ward Union in Eire

Mrs. J. Levins Moore, wife of the Master, at the meet at Ward, Co. Dublin. The Wards, which are always one of the first to open Irish hunting, have a much increased membership this season



Dr. Bethel Solomons, the veteran Irish sportsman, and Miss Naomi Dillon at the opening meet. The Ward Union is the only pack of staghounds in Eire and have a high reputation. Many English visitors are hunting with them this year



Fennell, Dublin
Mr. Andrew Levins Moore, the Master, and Mrs. Moore, waiting to give the word to move off to the enlargement. The Wards hunt in Dublin and Meath over grass country, with very little wood. The pack dates back to 1830, when two were amalgamated, and for six years they hunted bog foxes before turning to deer



Lady Members of the "Killing Kildares" at the Johnstown Meet Near Naas

Miss Elizabeth Mansfield with her hunter Stephen. She is a daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Eustace Mansfield, of Newbridge, Co. Kildare.

Miss Betty O'Kelly, daughter of Mr. B. J. O'Kelly, of Sallins, Co. Kildare, making friends with the hounds before the move-off

Mrs. Gerald Sweetman brings her little son Peter to his first meet on a piebald pony. She is the wife of Senator Sweetman and an excellent rider





A halt in the forest during the hunt which followed the Mass. In the centre is Mme. Otto, wife of one of the officials

THE MASS OF ST. HUBERT

Starts Off the French Hunting Season

The first post-war hunting season in France opened with the celebration of the Mass of St. Hubert, patron saint of huntsmen, in the church of La Celle-les-Bordes. The Comte de Brissac, grandson of the Duchess of Uzès, was responsible for reviving the tradition. The huntsmen brought their horns to church and members arrived mounted. The hounds were blessed and the sacramental bread was cut with hunting-daggers. Then the field moved off to its first meet. Among those present at the ceremony was the British Ambassador in France, Mr. Duff Cooper



The huntsmen and pack assemble to meet the British Ambassador, Mr. Duff Cooper

Priscilla of Paris...

I AM writing this at Aix-en-Provence on my way south. The business of collecting a few souvenirs from what remains of a dear old house takes me to Nice. It was first occupied, in 1939, by the French Defense Passive as it is high on the Montboron, overlooking the town. Then the Italians had it. After that the Germans, and when they left, a good deal went up in dust and smoke at the same time as the harbour. We have sold the remains to people who can afford to buy bricks and pay horny-handed sons of the hod what they ask to put the pieces together again . . . and, as I've just said, we'll always have a few souvenirs of more opulent days.

So far, Miss Chrysler 1926 has behaved like the perfect lady she is. It's good to be bowling along the familiar roads again, stopping at the old pubs—and some new ones as well! I have seen so many G.B. cars on the road that a few addresses set down herewith may perhaps be useful.

Just past Avallon, some nine kilometres along on the Route Nationale No. 6, at Cussy-les-Forges, one gets an excellent lunch, for three, that costs a little under two pounds. We had lashings of *hors d'œuvre*, smoked ham, grilled steak with *sauté* potatoes, cheese, fruit, and a bottle of wine. The coffee also was excellent. It is the first little "hotel-restaurant" on the right as one passes through the hamlet. At Lyons one has the pick of innumerable famous hotels and restaurants. Open the Michelin guide-book (the 1946 edition is out), close your eyes,



Cutting the sacred bread with hunting-daggers during the ceremony



Blessing the pack outside the stables, on the walls of which are hung trophies of previous hunting seasons



The field ready to move off, led by the Comte de Brissac, Mme. Otto and Mme. Carpentier



Takes the Road to Nice

run your finger down the list, and trust to luck. You are pretty sure to win every time, but, of course the price is a good deal taller. Four pounds for the three of us at Morateur's.

Yes, Miss Chrysler has a pal in what I will call "the rumble" this trip . . . and the poor fellow nearly froze, for there was a heavy frost on the hedges as we left the outskirts of Paris, and snow had fallen quite heavily between Sens and Châlons-sur-Saône. There was a thick, white fog also, and one G.B. car who had forgotten all about the right side of the road (as I did while in England!), nearly ditched us. Such a nice boy, for he actually turned in his tracks and raced after us to apologise. He needn't have done so, bless him! What's a swerve more or less in the day's run so long, of course, as one misses the ditch! At Montelimar we found that there was almost pre-war nougat on sale again, and I made a pig of myself. This trip will add kilos to my weight.

At the charming old town of Orange we left the N 7 that one usually follows all the way to Avignon. We took the sharp turn right (instead of left), found ourselves on N 576, and sailed into Châteauneuf du Pape just in time to find *la mère Germaine* (anyone will tell you where her place is) through with her cleaning up "after the elections" and busy again with her pots and pans. We had lunch in the stove-heated verandah with a view over the copper-gold stretches of vineyards away to Avignon in the distance. Here again the food was marvellous, and oh, that bottle of 1902 Châteauneuf!

That I am drinking Vichy-Céléstins as I write this and have a *migraine* over the right eye that wanders down to the nape of my neck is merely the proof of the pudding . . . if I know what I mean.

At the opening of the Sartre bill of fare at the Théâtre Antoine, the programme continued so long that (as I mentioned last week) before it ended I had to rush for the last Metro and only just caught it. This annoyed me so much that I returned the next evening, went in by the stage-door and watched the end of the play from the fireman's eyrie in the wings as there was not a seat in the house or even room for another extra chair.

La Putain Respectueuse, for such is the Elizabethan title of the "comedy" which spun the evening out so late, is M. Sartre's stage interpretation of a *fait divers* that came to his knowledge during his recent sojourn in the States. The young *putain*, otherwise Lizzie—and I wish the author had called her Marie, for then we would not have heard it pronounced

"Lit-sy"—does an honest job of work at the Oldest Trade in the World. She is involved, while on a train journey, in the shooting of a negro by a white man, the handsome son of a Senator. Another negro is accused of the crime, and Lizzie alone can give the evidence which will clear the accused man, now in hiding, and bring the crime home to its real perpetrator.

As this fact becomes clear to the various parties, she finds herself in turn bullied and courted, implored both to give her evidence and suppress it. The conflict between her sense of fair play and her emotions becomes almost intolerable, but fate and prejudice take their accustomed courses and in the end present her with a tragic solution of her dilemma.

On seeing the play right through I am inclined to revise my half-way opinion, and to call it an entertaining piece, with plenty of thrills and much grim humour. Not very kind to one's friends across the water and, like all the Sartre output, of the earth earthy: the kind of earth that has plenty of water mixed with it.



Voilà!

● The late Alexander Bisson, author of *Les Surprises du Divorce*, used to stutter terribly. One day he wrote to a friend: "Can you spare me an hour or so, I have a couple of words to say to you!"



As the huntsmen play a fanfare, the officiating priest makes the sign of the Cross while blessing the bread



Sounding the horns during the Mass in the little church of La Celle-les-Bordes

"LES SIRÈNES"—



Margot Fonteyn as La Bolero, the famous Spanish dancer, dressed for motoring when she arrives at the Riviera resort



The year is 1904 and the Smart Set revel on the begowned and hatted, dance in the luxurious Edwardian

A SPECTACULAR



Robert Helpmann as Adelino Canbera, the famous tenor from the Italian opera. He declares his love for La Bolero not only in dance but in song



La Bolero with her two admirers, the tenor and the Eastern Potentate, King Hihat of Agpar (Frederick Ashton, who is the author of the ballet)



The
the E



ladies and gentlemen, magnificently
productions created by Cecil Beaton

BURLESQUE—



(Margaret Dale and Alexis Rassine) who steal
Potentate's diamond necklace and cause so much
trouble. The ballet music is by Lord Berners



Countess Kitty, the leader of the Smart Set (Beryl Grey), flirting
with the vivacious Captain Bay Varaseur (Michael Some)



Photographs by Baron

Margot Fonteyn, more Spanish than any Spanish dancer,
and Robert Helpmann, the most Italian of Italian tenors,
in an enamoured pas de deux

AT COVENT GARDEN

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

ONE had to be in New York during the mayoralty of the late James ("Play-boy") Walker to realise the truth of a rapturously-received line in Robert Sherwood's satiric comedy, *This Is New York*. The police, with Pete, a detective, have just raided a swell baby's party on Central Park West, and she resents it:

Phyllis: Yeah, and what's more, I'll tell you something. You'd better be careful how you talk to me, because I happen to be a personal friend of the mayor of this city.

Pete: Well, who isn't?

What we'd have liked to know is what serious thinkers like Henry Ford, Cal ("Dill-Pickle") Coolidge, Nicolas Murray Butler, and Senator Borah said about New York's fantastic Mayor over the coffee-cups, but we never, alas, got round to meeting anybody really intellectual, barring Professor Robert Benchley. Having planned a cultural and uplifting trip, soul-to-soul talks with real experts on world-problems, we found ourself sized up immediately and whisked away to speakeasy after speakeasy. We couldn't fool the natives with our tall white brow as some visiting British booksy boys do. Possibly that is why Dickens had such a trying time on his first American trip. He got in with the serious thinkers right away and never escaped.

Footnote

THE nearest approach to Mayor Jimmy Walker London has ever known is probably Lord Mayor Wilkes (1774-6), gay boy and noted wit; and in Wilkes's day everybody was more or less drunk, also. But Wilkes attended strictly to City business between parties, whereas Jimmy Walker rightly scorned such folly. How he would have enlivened a modern Guildhall banquet!

"Your Royal Highness, Your Graces, Mr. Prime Minister, My Lords, Your Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen—prayer silence for His Lordship, the Lord Mayor!"

"Listen, folks, let's get the hell out of this dump and have a real party!"

Just a butterfly; and already, it seems, a legend.

Offside

STATE CONTROL will not affect Hospital Rugger to any extent, a tough but ether-scented wing-threequarter at one of the bigger London hospitals was telling us last week.

The only innovation (he added) may be that the Minister of Health will probably ban scoring by private enterprise, in which case every try will be touched down and converted simultaneously by the entire XI working in whole-hearted democratic co-operation as a correlated centralised unit.

We asked how this order will apply in due course to the old professional technique of tackling hypochondriac rich women low and touching down for a perfect three-figure cheque. He said the Ministry will probably "zone" rich women, all graded according to income,

imbecility, and estimated sales-resistance. A Government Sports Commissar will then line up the zone specialists in a row and blow a whistle, bringing about a concerted tackle.

We said: "Is there not a danger that the wealthy but ailing object of professional solicitude may be rent in pieces in this way?"

He said: "This will happen frequently."

The conversation then turned to hairy chests. It is not generally known that the herbage you see on the bulging torsos of the Hospital Rugger boys when their shirts get torn off is genuine. Its object is to inspire confidence in prospective clients.

Home

"You can 'ave Rome," said a famous Edwardian moneylender returning from his travels, and we've come to the regretful



"And the instant it starts to snow—out you go"

conclusion that you can 'ave every ideal home-interior in the Britain-Can-Make-It (for Export) Exhibition. Those bleak and shiny fantasies make the most preposterous Victorian mahogany décor seem like something exquisitely heart-warming and civilised out of the Cinquecento.

However, the Exhibition boys have obviously planned their ideal homes on the accurate assumption that in twenty years some 98 per cent. of the population will be bureaucrats. That arid, chill, glossy functionalism will be therefore all right alike for the dining-room (where the bureaucrat will absorb his exactly-calculated daily nutrition-intake), the drawing-room (where he will listen to the BBC Talks), and the bedroom (where he will presumably indulge in strictly-charted repose). Only one thing the ideal drawing-room lacks, and that is the painted circle on the floor in which, during the mating-season, the bureaucrat will clasp his mate in a frigid embrace, watch in hand.

"... thirty, thirty-five, forty. Prepare your brow."

"It is prepared."

"In precisely fifty seconds more I shall imprint a cool, sterilised kiss upon the area marked in the plan B-5. The kiss will last five seconds."

"Beware, Faughaghton, of passion!"

"Emily! You are obscene!"

How different from the home-life of a County cricketer; the rolling but correct blue eye; the faint *ponk* as the mercury touches zero; the wooden clash of cheek on cheek.

Morgue

If you wanted to commit a totally uninteresting murder you'd probably commit it best in Penge, S.E., a spot which oppressed one of Fleet Street's most mercurial boys despatched there recently, we noticed.

This was where, if you remember, Max Beerbohm visited the noble and melancholy Felix Argallo in his exile ("With us" is perhaps not quite the phrase to use about a man living at Penge...), and the choice shows unerring genius. Before the Victorian era Penge was a hilly Surrey village, set in green fields and agreeable as most. Then came Progress, to turn sad Penge into the ideal place for a mustachioed insurance-agent in a bowler hat to poison an elderly spinster of small means with arsenic from flypapers, as Mr. Seddon disposed of Miss Barrow, though he actually operated at Tollington Park, N.

Why a murder in Ermyntude Road, Penge, should be less attractive than a murder (say) on the Paseo near the Cartuja de Miraflores is purely a matter of aesthetics and background. You wouldn't walk across the street to see *Romeo and Juliet* if it involved a backyard squabble in West Kensington in 1946; as a backyard squabble in Verona in 1546 it gets you groggy. You old romantics, we'd have a good mind to strike you mock-seriously on the wrist with a spray of lavender if it didn't remind us of some curly-haired literary boy or other.

Bump

WHEN a neighbourly feud over a noisy early-morning cockerel came into one of the London County-courts the other day, nobody from his Honour downwards had the remotest notion of how to cope with a bird of this kind, apart from wringing its neck. They should have called one of us hayseeds up from the Hick Belt as an expert witness.

You stop any rooster from untimely crowing by suspending a light plank, beam, or lath a couple of inches above his head. Before he can crow he has to toss his head up, like a BBC soprano. The resultant crash puts him off the idea and he subsides forthwith. Slogger Barrie knew this rustic remedy and wrote a whimsy piece on it for the *St. James's Gazette* in the 1890's, showing how the life of that old sourpuss Carlyle, who was driven half crazy by an early cock in a nearby Chelsea backyard, might have been changed entirely by this simple means. Nevertheless we doubt if stopping that bird would have turned Carlyle, as Barrie alleged, into Old Uncle Cheeriboy, the Sunshine

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A SERGEANT in the U.S. Army who had been drilling recruits for three years was married in the post chapel. As he and his bride were going down the aisle he was watching her out of the corner of his eye, a troubled expression on his face. At last he leaned over and whispered in her ear.

She flushed for a moment and stared at him in surprise. Despite her obvious embarrassment, he continued whispering. Was he muttering words of love, one of the church party wondered. His curiosity aroused, he bent forward and caught the sergeant chanting, "Hup, two, three, four!"

DURING the siege of Paris in the Franco-German War, when everyone was starving, one aristocratic family had their pet dog served for dinner. The master of the house, when the meal was ended, surveyed the platter through tear-dimmed eyes and spoke sadly:

"How Fido would have enjoyed these bones!"

THREE soldiers approached the Information Desk at a St. Louis Y.M.C.A. and asked what the "Y" offered. They were told they could write letters, read magazines, visit the games rooms. The men didn't show much enthusiasm until they were told, "There's swimming also in the basement."

Then the trio moved a few feet away, engaged in animated argument. Finally one returned to the desk.

"Did you say," he inquired earnestly, "that there wuz wimmen in the basement?"

THE bus conductor mounted to the top deck and started taking the fares. When he came to a small boy he found he was crying. He asked the lad what the trouble was, and was told that the boy had lost his fare, and being a kind-hearted man he punched a ticket and gave it to him.

As the conductor was walking away from him the boy spoke up: "Eh!" he shouted, "what about my change? It was a tanner I lost."

King. The troubles of the Carlyle *ménage* went far tragically deeper than that, as the poisonous Froude has revealed.

Afterthought

WHETHER BBC sopranos could be stopped from crowing in the same way is doubtful. As you probably know, they wear a protective toupée or chignon, originally invented to secure them against sudden blows from Concert-Direction Izzy Goldfibber, known and feared as the Sopranos' Scourge. Jenny Lind's world-famous début in the big aria from *La Somnambula* was entirely due to Izzy. "The exquisite little diva seemed actually to be singing in her sleep," wrote the enraptured *Times* critic. She was, at that, despite a left-hook haymaker which was the envy of the musical world.

Showdown

BIGAMY and cricket admittedly being the Race's two principal national outdoor sports at the moment, the fact that the Supreme Court of the United States recently found six Mormons guilty of violation of the Mann Act seems worth pondering a moment.



"What I can't get you and Mum to see is that I've grown up"

The Mann Act exists primarily to prevent sugar-daddies from transferring sweetie-pies from one State to another, like boxes of candy. In this case the six Mormon boys got the stick for indulging in "celestial marriages" like their famous Founder, Brigham Young, whose motive has been painfully misconstrued. If you study an historic photograph of too-whiskery Brother Young surrounded by a halo of a dozen selected brides, you will perceive that whatever he married those babies for, it was not for fun. Their pans are bleak and forbidding. Their hair is severely confined and controlled. Their mouths are so tightly uninviting that even a member of the Silent Service would hitch up his slacks and roll away, with a yo-heave-ho. It is our conviction that Brigham Young married his many wives—as Charles II said about his brother's affair with La Belle Sedley—for a penance. Which may be the missing explanation of bigamy, and may even be the missing explanation of cricket as well, who knows?

A NEW YORK socialite came into the salon of Walter Florell, mad milliner to movie stars and socialites, and announced she needed a hat at once for a cocktail party. Walter took a couple of yards of ribbon, twisted it around, put it on her head and said, "There is your hat, madam."

The lady looked in the mirror and exclaimed, "It's wonderful!"

"Twenty-five dollars," said the milliner.

"But that's too much for a couple of yards of ribbon!" she gasped.

Florell unwound the ribbon and handed it to her, saying, "The ribbon, madam, is free."



Mme. Cécile Sorel—

"La Belle Celiméne"

MME. SOREL, for thirty-two years a member of the Comédie Française, was known to Parisians as La Belle Celiméne, so much had she made the heroine of *Le Misanthrope* her own, and to travelled English playgoers in the first decade of the century as the Ellen Terry of France. But for Cécile Sorel, Ellen Terry would have been acclaimed the best-known actress in the world; and vice versa.

Mme. Sorel's performance in Victor Hugo's *Marion Delorme* made this play the most certain and constant success in the repertory of the Comédie; and in 1933, when the Committee of the theatre finally agreed, after refusing several applications, to release her from her engagement, she took her great artistic prestige and undying popularity to the music halls.

Like Bernhardt, she created, in private life, wonder and myth and legend. A social queen, her parties in Paris were famous. Everyone

knew that she slept in a bed of ivory. Visitors to her house will particularly remember the table in her big dining-room. It was of solid marble, covered with a cloth of precious green tapestry, and round it gathered the celebrated in all walks of life.

HER travelling luggage was of a bulk and a magnificence that would stun a modern Customs official. It once included a gold lace hat ornamented with diamonds and small emeralds. This hat was insured for £7000, and one of the reputed conditions of the policy was that whenever it was not being worn by the actress it should be guarded, though not, presumably, worn, by a detective. She has been the heroine of several incidents "bien Parisien," once smashing the glass of a caricature of herself in the Salon des Humoristes "to vindicate her honour as a woman and an artist"

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Scoreboard



FINANCIAL and sporting intelligence. The five pairs of feet which you would be seeing in this mislaid photograph cost £74,000 and belong to the Brudderspool forward line, who are walking down the Strand ("Have a banana") on the morning of their match at Lowbury Lane.

Their names, reading either way, are: Jones, Jones, Smith, Jones, Jones. Their manager told me, with a fifty-guinea smile: "We claim to have the only palindromic forward line in the world." The match, which was otherwise "0" to write home about, was enlivened by a spectator in a fifty-shilling suit, who threw a tomato at the visiting goalkeeper and hit Constable XYZ 1212 on the back of the neck. This performance, according to a legal spokesman, will cost the assailant £5 and the loss of one semi-working day.

Councillor Mrs. Iracunda Quack, whose opinion had not been asked, stated at a meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Everything last night: "Housewives do not stand in tomato-queues for their husbands to throw them at goalkeepers—or policemen. This disgraceful incident is one more example of unequal opportunity." Numbers, numbers. As Sir Isaac Newton remarked when asked how many apples had fallen on his head that week.

IT is nearly sixty years since Sir Aubrey Smith dropped Moses in the slips. Moses (H.) played six times for Australia. Sir Aubrey, then in his twenties, was playing for a touring M.C.C. team. He told me how, on the day before the match against New South Wales, their expansive hosts arranged a visit to the Sydney Docks. It was ship after ship the whole day long, and water, water everywhere, but only in the sea, till, to some of the men of Marylebone, it seemed that all the ships in the world, sail and steam, had berthed in Sydney Harbour. The rest were pouring whisky over the side so fast that even the seagulls began to fly in an erratic and insubordinate manner. "The next day," said Sir Aubrey, "I missed Moses, their best bat, in the slips. But I managed to make sixty myself, as an act of penance."

SAMMY WOODS, of Australia and Somerset, loved to touch upon the agreeable eccentricities of earlier international cricket. Sammy, who was one of a family of thirteen from Manley Beach, near Sydney, had an elder brother who, owing to his immunity from convention and pain, was named "Stringy Bark." S.B. was an up-country farmer. "He was a faster bowler than me," said Sammy, "and he didn't mind so much where they landed." An England Test team was in Australia; so S.B. decided to come down from the farm and give the once-over to the cricketing and social form. To this end, he had shaved off his beard; which, according to brother Samuel, turned his face into two parts, mahogany above and like a mandrill's back-view down below. "Enough to make Guy Fawkes run for a policeman."

Thus prepared, S.B. entered the Sydney Cricket Ground and, finding the M.C.C. at practice, asked if he might lend his assistance. His first ball cracked a post in an adjoining net; the next two hit the back-netting without touching the ground. The batsman then retired, remarking that he had a letter to write to his Insurance Company. England lost that Rubber. "I told you they would," said Stringy Bark to his brother; "they don't know the first ruddy thing about fast bowling."

R.G. Roberts Glasgow.



Major A. A. Sidney Villar with Mrs. Bowden at the Cheltenham meeting



Mrs. Bryant, Major Bryant and the Countess of Essex



The Hon. Philip Kindersley and Mrs. Kindersley, and Major Carlos Clarke

Pictures in the Fire

A LETTER from Zurich Stadthausquai signed by a correspondent of the name of Tommy Speckert has been sent on to me by my Editor with a request to deal with it. In this letter this correspondent accuses me of having made "a ridiculous and ignorant statement," because I published information from a reputable correspondent that in Northern Italy he had paid the equivalent of 15s. for a dinner, including wine. My friend sent me this information because he considered it extraordinary, in view of what he has had to pay in England minus wine.

In the first place, therefore, I resent the accusation that I made a "ridiculous" statement, for the best of all possible reasons, that I made no statement at all, and only passed on something which I considered extraordinary. Because a thing is extraordinary it is not necessarily untrue. I referred this letter to my friend, who takes an objection to it similar to my own. Tommy Speckert says that I must have eaten Black Market food, and that my comments are those of "an extremely ignorant and superficial observer." But I ate no food, Black Market or otherwise, because I was not there. I made no comment; I merely published the facts as stated by my correspondent, who, incidentally, is a member of a learned profession, in which they deal with hard facts, and will have nothing whatever to do with what the butler told the cook. This is as far as I am able to assist Tommy Speckert.

Steeplechasing Risks

THE people who believe that the Grand National should be abolished because the fences are big and stiff seem to be very early off the mark this season, incited, no doubt, by recent happenings at Liverpool and Cheltenham; and one of them has again paid me the personal compliment of asking me to "stop the whole cruel business."

I humbly suggest that instead of firing off the ammunition at me, they should select the proper target, the Stewards of the National Hunt Committee, for I have no power at all, and should deservedly be requested to mind my own business if I told the N.H.C. what they ought, or ought not, to do. I gather from some of the communications that it is considered that the N.H.C. Stewards (and I) deserve to be hanged on the nearest tree as accessories before and after the fact of murder! Surely a somewhat excessive penalty, in view of the



Mr. R. A. Hubbard, who is Clerk of the Course at Goodwood, and the Hon. Mrs. Hubbard

Sabretoche

sparse number of fatal accidents in the Grand National. Logically pursued, this argument would demand the capital sentence on all motorists, and the hourly road casualties would be cited in support. In the steeplechasing connection, I hasten to own up to Tommy Speckert that I was quite wrong about this year's Grand National.

I had stupidly forgotten, and I am not quite small enough to be unable to say "*peccavi*." Symbole, a grey French horse, fell at Becher's the first time and broke his neck. This was the animal someone told me just before the race could jump the Eiffel Tower. The best of them, however, will make mistakes, and a split-second's mistiming can mean the difference between safety and disaster over almost any fence, or even a sheep hurdle.

Aintree Not "Brutal"

SOME of the critics, one in particular, accused me of trying to make out that the Aintree fences are not stiff at all, and she says I minimise the risk. I have never attempted anything so foolish, and I wish my fair correspondent had mentioned the words which she thinks can be used in evidence agin me. There are many other pursuits besides steeplechasing in which there are serious risks, but, as has been said many a time, would there be any spice in anything into which no danger obtruded?

Because a fence is an armful it does not make it either brutal or unfair, or even dangerous; in fact, I would go so far as to say that a small fence very often encourages carelessness. I wonder what some of the critics of Aintree would say of the V.R.C. Grand National fences at Flemington (Melbourne). Completely uncompromising; including two masonry walls with logs bolted along the top, and the one by the Abattoirs I think slightly the bigger. It is either jump or fall.

This is not so at Aintree, though, admittedly, it is quite undesirable on the part of any horse to take a liberty with even 6 ins. of them. Of course they are stiff, but not impossible or "brutal." All the way round the horses jump out of good going on to good going, and many a fence quite as formidable, and some even more so, is jumped out hunting with perhaps 14 st. in the saddle. I cite you one as a specimen: the Braunston Brook in the Pytchley country. Go and look at it and then at the "water" at Aintree, which is quite sizeable, but both the take-off and landing are sound.

There is likewise many a place to be met with out hunting with a wide and deep ditch "to" you that would make even "The Chair" at Aintree, with its banked-up guard-rail, look accommodating. Out hunting, of course, the pace is nothing like that in the National. There are likewise none of the other troubles frequently met with in a steeplechase, bumping and barging and bustling, and, worst pest of all, the loose horses. These Aintree fences were originally conceived with the idea that they should represent a big flying country, in which thick thorn obstacles are not the only obstruction in the path, for out hunting there are likewise plenty of rails, walls and real brooks, sometimes with none too sound banks, very different indeed from the 14 ft. of water of the "bare-faced impostor."

At one period a stone wall was included in the menu at Aintree. Of course, one realises that it is just butting against a brick wall arguing with those who have already made up their minds that steeplechasing is brutal, and, as I have said, think that the Stewards of the N.H.C. should jointly and severally be hanged as high as the luckless Mr. Haman.

Hail and Farewell

WHILST wishing the best of luck as a trainer next season to one of the longest-headed jockeys in the profession, it is impossible not to regret Harry Wragg's retirement. It is a good old training rule to pull them up while they are galloping, rather than let them die on your hands and stop because all the steam has gone out of them. And what a grand gallop Harry Wragg showed us at the finish—three all in a row, including the Manchester November Handicap on a 20-to-1 chance, the almost despised Las Vegas. I hope Harry Wragg trains just as many winners, including classic ones, as he has ridden, and more if possible.

We may have been lucky to have avoided another French victory in the Manchester November Handicap, for Dornot broke a fetlock and naturally stopped. It is said that the vets hope to save him, and let us hope that this will prove correct. In further connection with the French victories, felicitations to a fellow-writer upon his recapitulation of the facts concerning the under-feeding of our horses and the certain result that it has had.

My contemporary very deftly collected all the known facts, and it looks very much as if things are likely to be even worse during the jumping season. It really makes one wonder how racing is carried on at all. They are killing the fowls in rows, and it may be that the same fate will overtake the racehorse. They can hardly feed the fowls, and I do not see how horses can be got racing fit on what is now coming to them.

Over the Sticks at Cheltenham



Mr. L. Price's Possible leading over the last fence in the Coventry Novices' Steeplechase at the two-day Cheltenham November meeting



The Earl of Westmorland and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe were also at Cheltenham



Mrs. Loftus, Lady Ann Biddulph and the Marquis de la Pasture



Miss Hirst, Col. Hirst and Mr. Bryant were among the spectators



Pictorial Press

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, Dr. Cyril Forster Garbett, D.D., consulting a book in his study. Dr. Garbett, who is the ninety-first Archbishop of York, succeeded Archbishop Temple in 1942, and is the author of religious works of wide influence. His last book, *Physician, Heal Thyself*, was published last year. He is the son of a Hampshire clergyman, and before becoming Archbishop was successively Bishop of Southwark and Bishop of Winchester

BOOKS

REVIEWED by ELIZABETH BOWEN

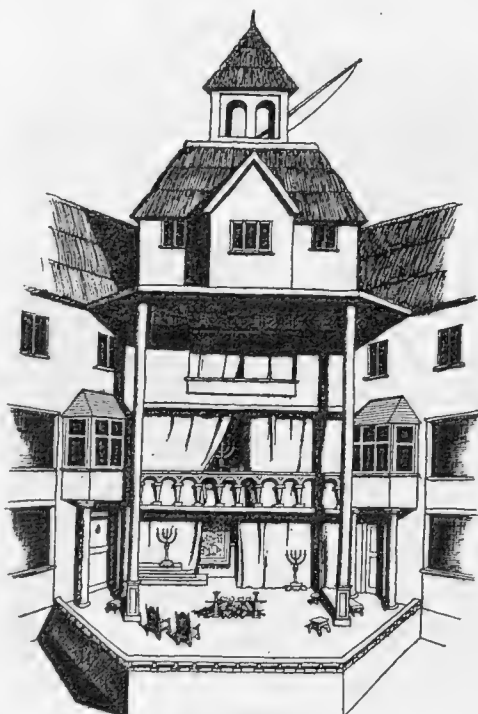
ARTHUR KOESTLER is a non-English writer who has, within the last ten years, impressed himself deeply on this country. He has attained to something more serious than success: real influence. A generation in England, the generation now approaching maturity, would be in some way different if Koestler had never written. Europe, and European experience from which English people have been excluded—or which, one should rather say, they have been spared—has given him his material: genius has appeared in his ability to render that material, or at least some part of it, into English terms.

He is an at once political and psychological writer—a thing rarer, when one comes to examine the literature of our day, than one might have thought. This may be one reason why his book of essays, *The Yogi and the Commissar*, established on normally backward or cautious readers a hold so unexpected as to seem uncanny. Mainly however, he is known as and is to be considered as a novelist: his novels are of the kind which could be journalistic, but are not—the facts and statements in them, the element of history in the narrative, having been fused by the writer's imagination into an independent whole.

Also, Mr. Koestler brings to the novel a by now almost old-fashioned professionalism—he is readable, pictorial, convincing, stirring and, when necessary, adroit. His disturbing novels gain further power from the apparent equanimity of their style. Among English writers, this equanimity (with its concomitant, worldliness) is, as a rule, the province of those who are still, at heart, nice children of happy homes: in such writers, however much one may like them, one cannot but be conscious of a deficiency. In the case of the other group, in whom that particular deficiency does not appear—the revolutionaries, the attempters to come to grips—there is often, unhappily, failure to

"Thieves in the Night" "Velvet Studies"

"A Rough Walk Home" "The White Deer"



The Interior of the Globe

write satisfactory novels, due to impatient craftsmanship, ignorance or spleen. It takes Mr. Koestler, coming into English writing from the outside, to put new wine into old bottles.

His novels are always contemporary in their subjects. In the case of his latest, *Thieves in the Night* (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.), one might say, audaciously contemporary. The scene is Palestine, the time 1937-1939, and the subject, broadly, the Jewish-Arab struggle; which, obscured for us, here, by and during the Second World War, makes a violent re-emergence into our consciousness now.

"THIEVES IN THE NIGHT" makes its appearance, at a time when feeling on the questions that it reviews could, probably, not run higher. Whether this ruthlessly analytical, unheated novel will make any or many readers angry I do not know. The address is, throughout, to the intelligence; and by the very fact of being addressed, intelligence is put to a continuous test. Not that the book lacks—in fact, it contains many—strong emotional scenes; but the emotion (as, I imagine, it is intended to do) quickly evaporates each time, and thus has no cumulative effect. Primarily, this is an exciting novel—full of action, tension and momentous events. Its central figure, Joseph, is one of those divided, Hamlet-like characters without which no novel of action is psychologically complete.

It is through Joseph's eyes that we watch the development of Ezra's Tower—a Hebrew communistic settlement in Galilee round which centres the main part of the plot. The land for the settlement has been bought from Arabs by the Jewish National Fund; but between the purchase and the actual occupation the Arab revolt has broken out, and it looks as though the settlers, upon arrival, might have to install themselves by force. Indeed, on the very first night the Arabs open fire upon the palisade.

The settlers consist, at the start, of fifty young men and women: they have been preceded along their route by an armed Defence Squad of forty, who are to ensure the hill, and are accompanied by Helpers from the parent foundation of Gan Tamar. Joseph, the girl Dina, and their comrade, the cryptic Simeon, are first met perched on one truck of the convoy rattling across the desert in the dark. Already the blink of a signal announces that the Defence Squad are in possession of the hill. Within the next few days we see fortifications completed, the watch tower raised by pulleys into position, drains dug, electric installations completed and prefabricated buildings bolted together. Crudely, laboriously, and not in the highest spirits the fifty, left to their own resources, embark upon their communal life.

JOSEPH is a hybrid: his mother had been pure English, his father a Russian Jew. He has been raised in an English country house, gone to Oxford, grown up in no other expectation than that of living that sort of English life. Then, what he has come to call "the Incident"—a shock, in the course of love, to his most intimate life—has had the effect of swinging him violently back to his father's people. He has now, like most of his comrades at Ezra's Tower, been in Palestine for about five years, spent in training for the community enterprise.

Joseph, because of his make-up, is the ideal recording instrument: his repugnances, dissidences, irritations with the bouncing puritanism of his fellows and his continuous reflections upon his race—whether in this or other surroundings—are set out. His inside development is concurrent with, though far from parallel to, that of Ezra's Tower. The years during which the Tower becomes a thriving peasant colony are to shape Joseph into a Terrorist.

The Terrorist passages, with their close link-up with to-day's headlines, will be of immediate, if dire, interest. Not less good is the satirical social comedy, with those pictures of British, Jewish and Arab types. The landscape, the atmosphere, and the pungent glimpses of Tel Aviv and Jerusalem are Koestler work at its best, and beyond praise. But *Thieves in the Night's* main claim to greatness is outside all of these particulars: Mr. Koestler has lifted his subject on to a universalised human plane. Of the Jews, as a race, he says (through the mouth of Joseph):

Other planets are populated, they must doubtless have their own kind of Jews. For Jews are not an accident of race, but man's condition carried to its extreme—a branch of the species with its nerves exposed. Exiled into strange and hostile surroundings, they had no time to grow that hide of complacency which makes man insensitive to the tragic essence of his condition. This is their predicament. But it is not a question of race. It is the human predicament carried to the extreme.

One, as it were, footnote: those interested in writing should note the effectiveness of Mr. Koestler's technical metaphors, many of which are drawn from chemistry and physics. These expanding terms of reference, possible in our century, seem to me a gain: they widen and nourish prose.



Howard Spring, who has just published a new novel, is a skilled yachtsman and does much sailing at his home at Mylor, near Falmouth. His best-seller, *Fame Is The Spur*, is now being filmed at Denham, with Michael Redgrave and Rosamund John as the stars

C. V. WEDGWOOD's *Velvet Studies* (Cape; 7s. 6d.) is a collection of historical essays. Some (those whose length was dictated by the scope of the weeklies in which they originally appeared) are too short—not in the sense of skimpiness, but in the good sense, that, appetite for any subject on which Miss Wedgwood touches having been roused, one is left wanting more. And yet I can think of few writers whose wit, knowledge and general *savoir* stand up so well to compression. What is lost by briefness of individual pieces is, I think, regained by the collective impression left on one by the whole—that of a humane, fresh and distinguished mind.

The author of *William the Silent*, *The Thirty Years War* and *Strafford* has behind her a far from expended store of treasures, observations, illuminating minutiae she has gathered, for her own pleasure, from the past: she is a temperamental as well as a professional historian. From that to-be-envied store comes, even, the title for her book—how seductive is the very word "velvet," these days! "If you fear," wrote Thomas Fuller, "to hurt your tender hands with thorny school-questions, there is no danger in meddling with history which is a velvet study and recreation work."

"The Velvet Study"—first, and, I am glad to say, among the lengthier pieces in the book—gives us the writer's genesis as a historian: her father's reason for recommending this career to his daughter does *not*, I may say, after

one glance at any of Miss Wedgwood's paragraphs, hold good. Important, as linking up with her firm if unostentatious general philosophy, are also "Aspects of Politics," "Good Company" and "The Historian and the World." Miss Wedgwood is no preacher (would that many whose views are less mature were as modest as she is), but she is an advocate—of decision, of responsibility, of participation.

ANOTHER group in *Velvet Studies* are the seventeenth-century pieces—some evoked by tri-centenaries in the early 1940's. The underlying significance of the Civil War tends, Miss Wedgwood remarks, to escape the popular eye: its romantic cloak-and-sword appeal has been overworked at the expense of its serious issues. "Cavalier Poetry and Cavalier Politics," "The Strategy of the Great Civil War" and "Reflections on the Great Civil War" so deep, and proportionate in their length; while "Falkland," "Strafford" and "Two Painters" form briefer pendants. . . . Gems on their own, in no group, are "The Conversion of Malta," with its two exasperatingly dauntless English ladies, and "Miss Mangnall of the Questions." The studies of Luther and of William Penn are valuable in establishing a perhaps unrealised connection between those two figures and their respective times. On the German myth and Germany's origins Miss Wedgwood throws the light that one would expect.

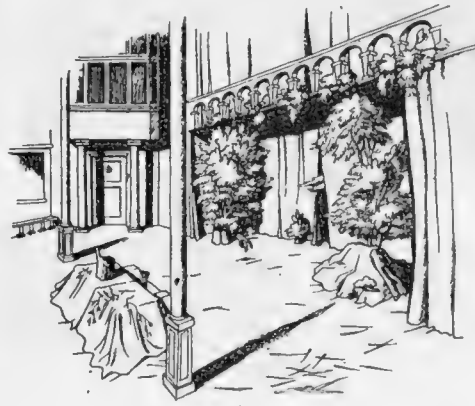
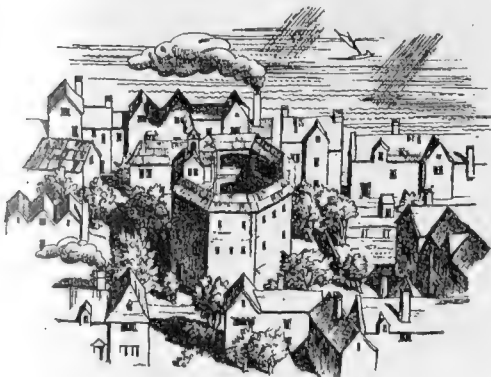
LILIAN BOWES LYON is among the finest of our living poets. Her new and only too slender volume, *A Rough Walk Home* (Cape; 2s. 6d.), is to be sought for: it is not little that we should have among us a muse so uplifted, pure, tender and strong. I am, as must have appeared to TATLER readers, shy of reviewing poetry—I do not feel I command any worthy terms: in this case, I only aim to do you the service of bringing *A Rough Walk Home* to your attention in time, before the edition runs out. I feel, even, ungraciousness in the implied complaint that the volume is slender: if the poems are few, they are all Miss Bowes Lyon has been able to write in years, first of East End work under air-raid conditions, then in continuous physical pain. . . . I do greatly wish that all the work of this poet could be collected and republished in one volume.

THE versatile genius of James Thurber turns, for the second time, to the fairy tale—we have already had from him *Many Moons*. The tale now in hand, *The White Deer* (Hamish Hamilton; 6s.), is one I would gladly learn, word by word, by heart, to repeat to myself when bored and, perhaps, also to privileged children. This lyrical underside to the horny, somewhat demonic, cantankerous Thurber imagination is fascinating. Here is, in *The White Deer*, the ideal timeless mood, the ideal narrative singsong. Here is—inevitably from this author, however much on holiday—a predicament: peace-seeking King Clode confronted with, in the role of future daughter-in-law, not (apparently) a maiden who has had the misfortune to be changed into a deer, but a deer who has had the good fortune to be changed into a maiden.

Fairy stories, traditionally, are love stories. I should like to pass to all children, while they are young and wise, this particular, and particularly beautiful, testimony to love.

The Shakespeare Canon

Moonlight at the Globe, by Ronald Watkins (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.), from which these illustrations by Maurice Percival are taken, is a reconstruction of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as it might have been produced at the original Globe Theatre. A performance on these lines took place in Harrow School Speech Room in the summer of last year, and its success fully justified the return to the method of Shakespeare's day. Detailed notes are given of stage arrangements, costumes and music, and the book carries an air of stimulating experiment and suggestion. The drawings are those originally conceived in planning the Harrow performance of 1945





Campbell — Mackie-Campbell

Major Iain A. Campbell, eldest son of Col. and Mrs. Bruce A. Campbell, of Arduaine, Argyllshire, married Miss Colena I. Mackie-Campbell, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Mackie-Campbell, of Tarbert, Argyllshire, and Monkton, Ayrshire, at Holy Trinity Church, Ayr



Steele — Greville Williams

Major Robin Steele, Grenadier Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Steele, of Alresford, Hampshire, married Miss Gillian Greville Williams, eldest daughter of Col. and Mrs. Greville Williams, of Gillingham, Dorset, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Colquhoun — Janson

Mr. Donald Colquhoun, younger son of Sir Iain and Lady Colquhoun, of Luss, married Miss Josephine Janson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Janson, of 16, Wilton Crescent, S.W., at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Cameron — Oliver

Capt. Peter Ronald Ewen Cameron, son of Col. E. P. B. Cameron, of 44, Stratford Road, W.8, married Miss Marion Oliver, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oliver, of Haddon Hall Hydro, Buxton, Derbyshire, at St. John's Parish Church, Buxton



Collins — Smith

Lt. John E. H. Collins, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Collins, of Heatherfield, Rednal, near Birmingham, married Miss Gillian M. Randal Smith, elder daughter of the Hon. Randal and Mrs. Vivian Smith, of 46, Albion Gate, W., at St. George's, Hanover Square



Bultitude — Bratt

Lt. Beverleigh T. W. Bultitude, R.N.V.R., only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Stanley Bultitude, of St. Mary's Mansions, W.2, married Miss Patricia Bratt, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bratt, of Bexhill, at St. Peter's, Old Town, Bexhill

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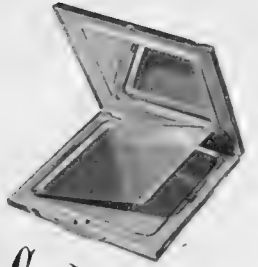
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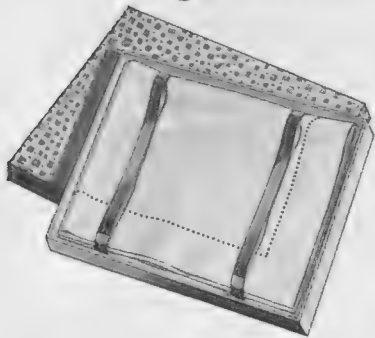
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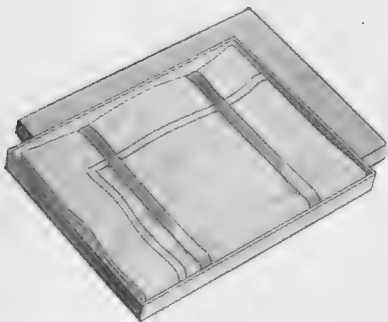
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Game Warden—talking ABOUT ANIMALS

"Gus," the restless sea lion of Regent's Park Zoo, stayed in London all through the blitz. He had no more cover than the few feet of water over his head. He was, in fact, one of the few animals not sent down to Whipsnade for safety. Today he is none the worse for his experiences, and, if anything, is more tractable and fonder of his keeper than before the war.

It would take very little training to teach him to balance a balloon on the end of his nose, as they do at the circus. The flexibility of the sea lion's neck muscles is the secret of this easy poise. Sea lions are very greedy by nature, and they will do virtually anything they are told if they learn that there is a tit-bit at the end of it.

Sea lions, or sea bears, are found on the islands in the Bering Straits and off the Siberian coast. No creature has been studied with more care than these aquatic acrobats. It is the only wild creature of which a proper yearly census is taken and governments have spent considerable sums to prevent extermination. Towards the end of the last century it was discovered that

in thirty odd years the number of sea lions and seals had been reduced tremendously due to slaughter for the fur trade and for certain oils. An international conference decided to close the islands for a radius of sixty miles and very slowly the herds increased. A recent census showed they had recovered to nearly a million head.

MATING of sea lions takes place on land about May of each year, and includes a great deal of fighting! During the season no bull would dream of leaving his territory (a few square yards of beach). For weeks on end he neither eats, drinks nor sleeps. He wants to capture as many wives as he can, and he has to coax and entice them in the face of opposition from other bulls. Even when he thinks he has captivated a lady, a rival bull may come along and carry her off by the scruff of the neck while his head is turned towards another charmer!

In September the colony begins to break up and sets off on its 6,000 mile trek into the open sea without again touching land until next spring.

Lady Cripps in China



The President of the British United Aid to China, Lady Cripps, enjoys a joke with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek at an official dinner given in her honour

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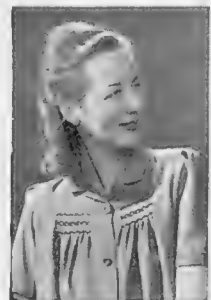
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Oliver Steward on FLYING

PERHAPS the most important revelation at the Paris Aero Show received the least public notice. It was the model of a Nene-engined Viking. The fact is that the idea of putting two powerful turbojets into Vikings is not a dream but a reality. These aircraft are already being prepared and they will soon start work on the London-Paris route.

The schedules to which they will operate seem fantastic. The London-Paris journey will be completed in thirty minutes. From London to Paris in half an hour! The customs' official—if he works as at present—will take longer to look through your luggage than you will take to do the air journey between the two capitals.

Let us hope that the scheme will be pressed forward with the greatest speed. With these Vikings the British European Airways Corporation could claim two things: first, an overwhelming speed superiority over any other air line on earth; and, second, a speed superiority secured with a tested and proved commercial aircraft.

Jetting Along

It is always possible to increase speed of operation with new and highly experimental machines; but the Vickers Viking is a thoroughly well tried machine and the Rolls-Royce Nene turbojets are piling up their hours of operating experience very rapidly. There will not—I think—be a better air liner combination than the Nene-Viking for five years.

And I would recall my remarks in this column after I had been given the opportunity of flying in the Nene-engined Lancastrian. In a jet-driven air liner passenger comfort is improved a hundredfold. I go so far as to say that people who have never flown in a jet-engined air liner do not know what air travel comfort can be like.

Some piston engines are beautifully sweet-running—for piston engines. But no piston engine ever invented can touch the smoothness and silence of the jet. When they get their Nene-Vikings on the service British European Airways will be giving not only

British aviation, but air transport in general, the greatest forward thrust it has ever had.

Weather or Not

INCIDENTALLY, B.E.A. earned good opinions from those who used it at the time of the opening of the Salon. For the weather turned very bad indeed, with fog all round Paris for days on end. British people going over by air were delayed for hours and even for a day. But the B.E.A. services were going through well. The machine I was in, for instance, was only twenty minutes late; although the murk at Le Bourget was severe.

But those who came by charter had some bitter complaints. Some were not allowed to land by the aerodrome authorities and they objected strongly. Yet the aerodrome authorities must surely give priority to the schedule air liners. My own view is that the cause for the delays and difficulties goes deeper.

If there is fog and low cloud traffic will always be liable to be upset until a system has been devised for utilizing in a practical manner radar and radio aids, and until the system has been standardized.

Although the delays to aircraft bringing British visitors to the Salon were irritating, they did demonstrate what remarkable things can be done by piloting of what might be called the old-fashioned kind. Some people arrived when it was hardly possible to see across the runway and made safe landings. But that, of course, is not air transport as it ought to be in 1946. The radar and radio men must work more quickly.

We want not only aids of the best kind that can now be devised, but a system for using them and for dividing them up between charter and schedule aircraft.

Summing up the Show

AND what, in the end, is the verdict about the Paris show? Some said it was not worth the heavy charge; but my own view is that it was worth all that and a great deal more. Everybody in British aviation



Now don't forget, girls, "line astern" for the first six bars, and then "start to peel off"

went over and it was possible to meet aviation people from many other countries.

The British exhibits were recognized by all as the outstanding feature of the show. The engine exhibits were especially admired. The enthusiasm of the public never waned and on the Sundays the British stands were besieged all day long.

And there is the wider view; that the show helped to bring British and French aviation closer together. The war tended to break down the close collaboration that used to exist. The show helped to re-establish it.

And I must confess that, after the American efforts to break the world air speed record, I was pleased to see the good old Gloster Meteor EE549 able to sit up over the end of the Grand Nef and still to claim the title of world record holder.



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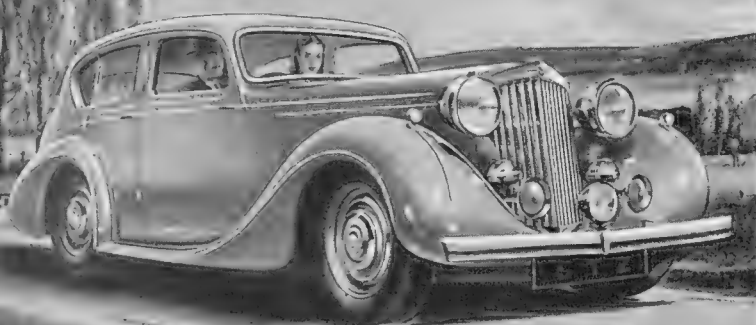


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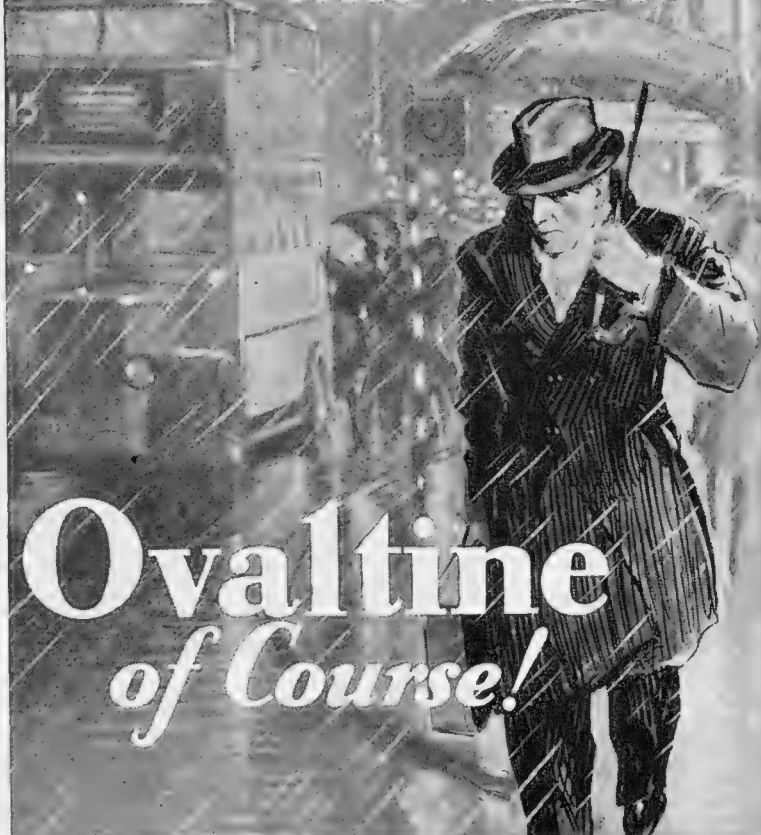
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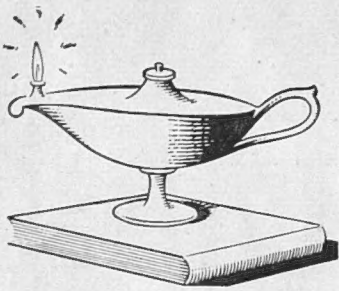
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Maximum retail prices
25/9 per bottle
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Och! The **FEEL** of it!



"In the present state of medical knowledge..."

Never have doctors been more ready to admit that tomorrow's discoveries may reverse today's beliefs. Yet every test and experiment confirms the fact that nerves, to keep healthy, need organic phosphorus and protein. And that is only another way of saying that they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for 'Sanatogen' contains organic phosphorus and protein in chemical combination. Ask your chemist for a tin.

'SANATOGEN'
Regd. Trade Mark
NERVE TONIC

In one size only at present—6/6d.
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A 'Genatosan' Product.



SOMETHING RICH AND RARE...

ISN'T that the definition of the ideal Christmas gift? And how thoroughly the gift of a Hoover to a woman fulfils it. For the Hoover is a gift rich in the freedom it confers from dusty house-cleaning and endless drudgery. Rare—Alas! Since as fast as seen it is snapped up like all good things in these days of shortages. This however is a situation we are doing our utmost to amend. As fast as we can manufacture Hoover cleaners they are being delivered to Hoover dealers. Your chance will come to 'Give her a Hoover and give her the best'!



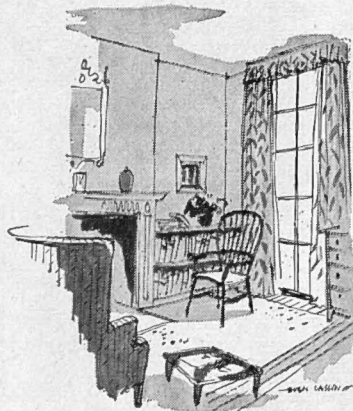
The **HOOVER** Reg. Trade Mark

PRE-WAR PRICES!
Model 262 £17.5.0
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Cleaning Kit £3.3.0
Purchase Tax 15.9

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We are now in a position to supply Passenger, Goods or Service Lifts for every type of duty. We have full technical staffs in most provincial towns, and will be pleased to send a technical representative, without obligation, on request, to discuss your lift problems.

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Sundour FINE FURNISHING FABRICS



AT CHRISTMAS TIME

when everyone delights in giving gifts and bringing joy and gladness to others, we would ask you to remember especially the needs of

John
Groom's
Crippleage (Inc)

£30,000 required each year for maintenance.

Gifts of Toys, Books, etc. welcomed for our 150 needy orphan girls at Davenport House School, Worfield, Salop. Ages range from babyhood to 15 years.

Please write for a copy of the **80th ANNUAL REPORT** which describes the various activities of the Crippleage.

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Now! Ask for **SOLO**
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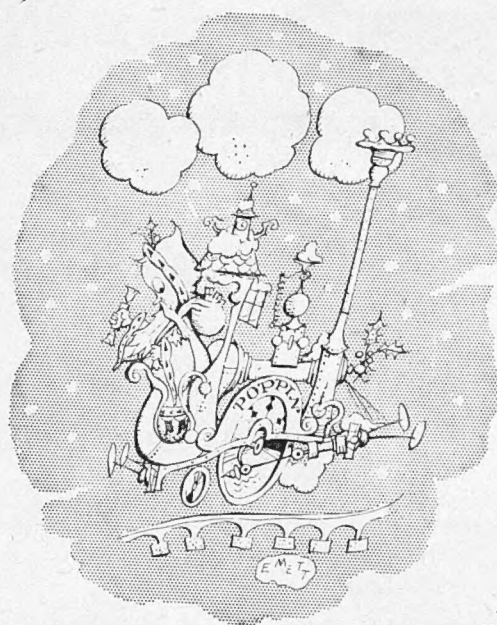


WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN

It was after the discovery of Australia by Captain Cook that certain inn signs first appeared (notably one on the Greenwich Road) showing a globe reversed, with a man walking head downwards at the bottom Pole. We all like to be startled by the reversal of the hum-drum. Topsy-turvydom has ever tickled men's humour — and many an artist has taken delight in picturing the fox chasing the huntsman, horses reversed in the shafts, and similar pleasantries. Such conceits are an innocent relief from the hard facts of life; and are thus truly fitting to the sign-board of an English inn — home of good humour and relaxation in days gone by and to come.

Engraving specially designed by John Farleigh.

For men about Christmas



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Your Christmas Happiness—

Will you SHARE it with someone less fortunate?



The Church Army is planning to carry the spirit of Christmas into homes of the needy.

Please send your gift to:
 Prebendary Hubert H. Treacher,
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Why it is wise
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Closely guarded by the makers of all good Vermouth is the exact method of preparation — the proportions of the aromatic herbs, and the method of introducing them to the wine. Fortunate in the possession of an ancient recipe, well tried and proved by time, the makers of Votrix Vermouth obtain the final perfection of flavour by using delicious wine from selected Empire grapes and blending it with aromatic herbs in the old and accepted traditional method. The result is public knowledge, yet, because Votrix is prepared in England it is still available at a fair price.

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Mills Circus

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★ OLYMPIA

GRAND HALL
Box Office: Shep. Bush 5560

★ BOXING DAY AND DEC. 27 AND SATS. AFTER CHRISTMAS AT 2 P.M. 5 P.M. 8 P.M.

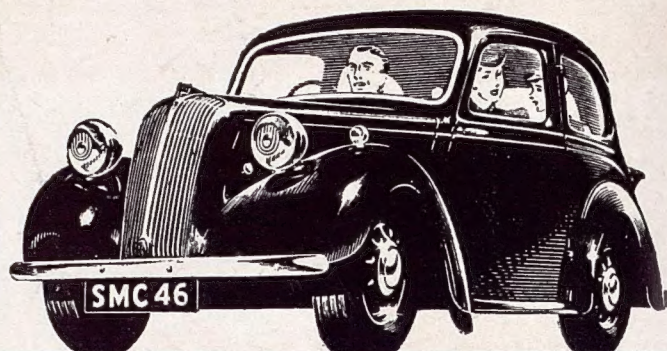
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